Vol. CII No. 17 November 7, 1975 60 cents

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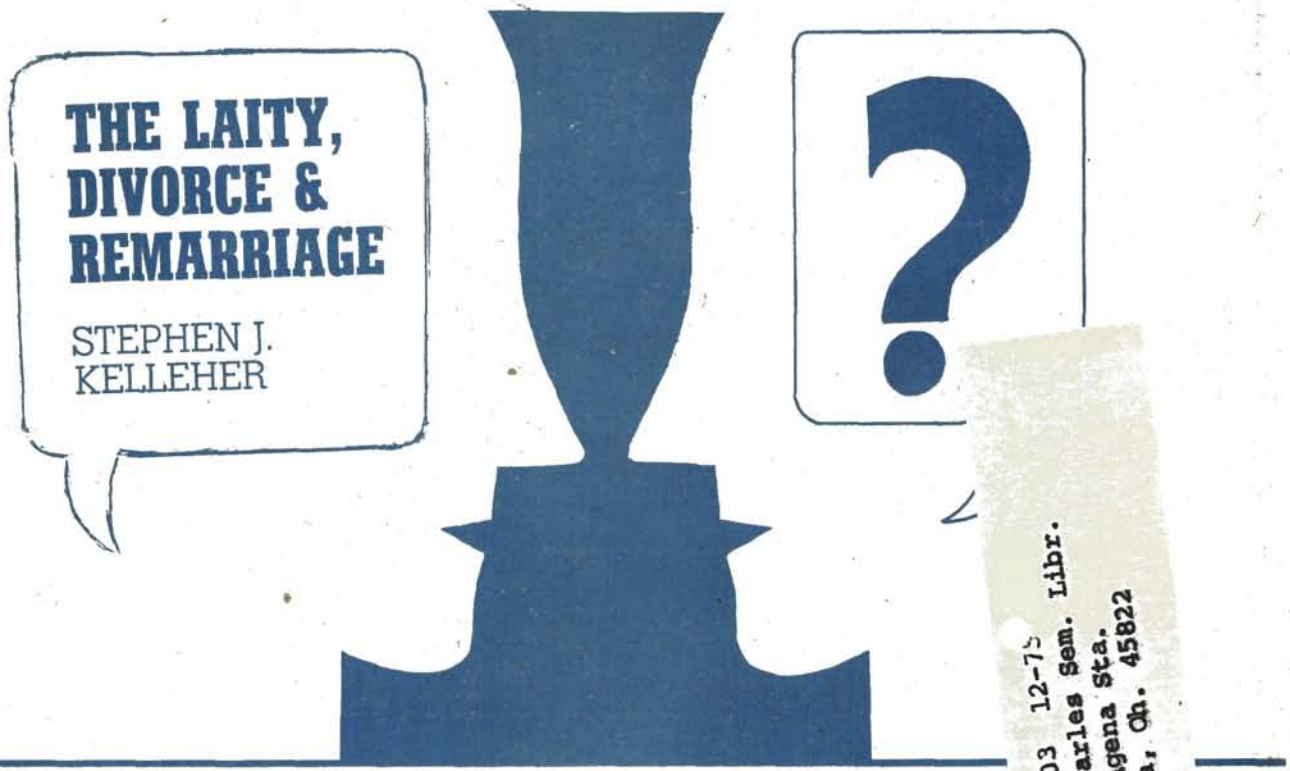

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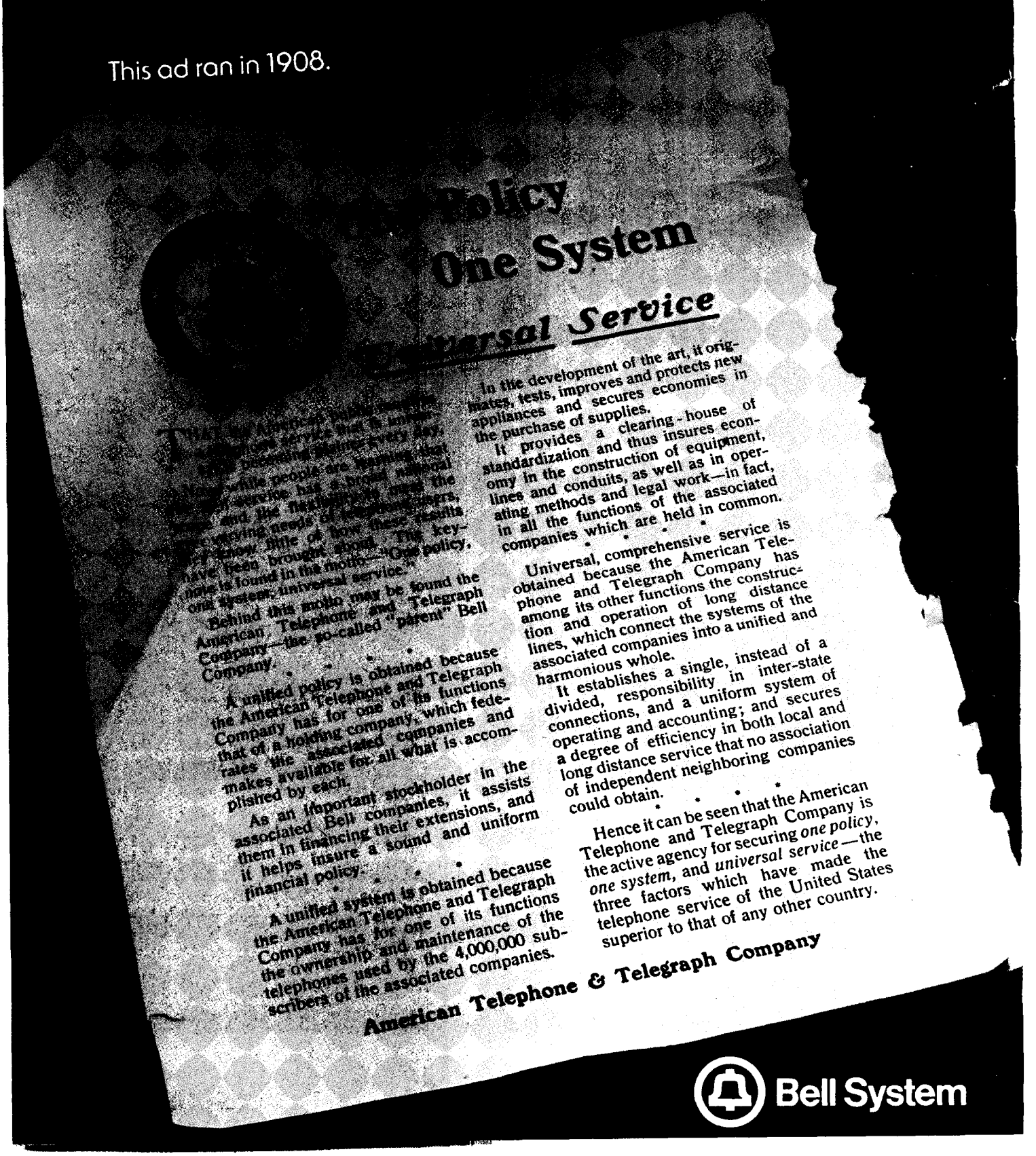

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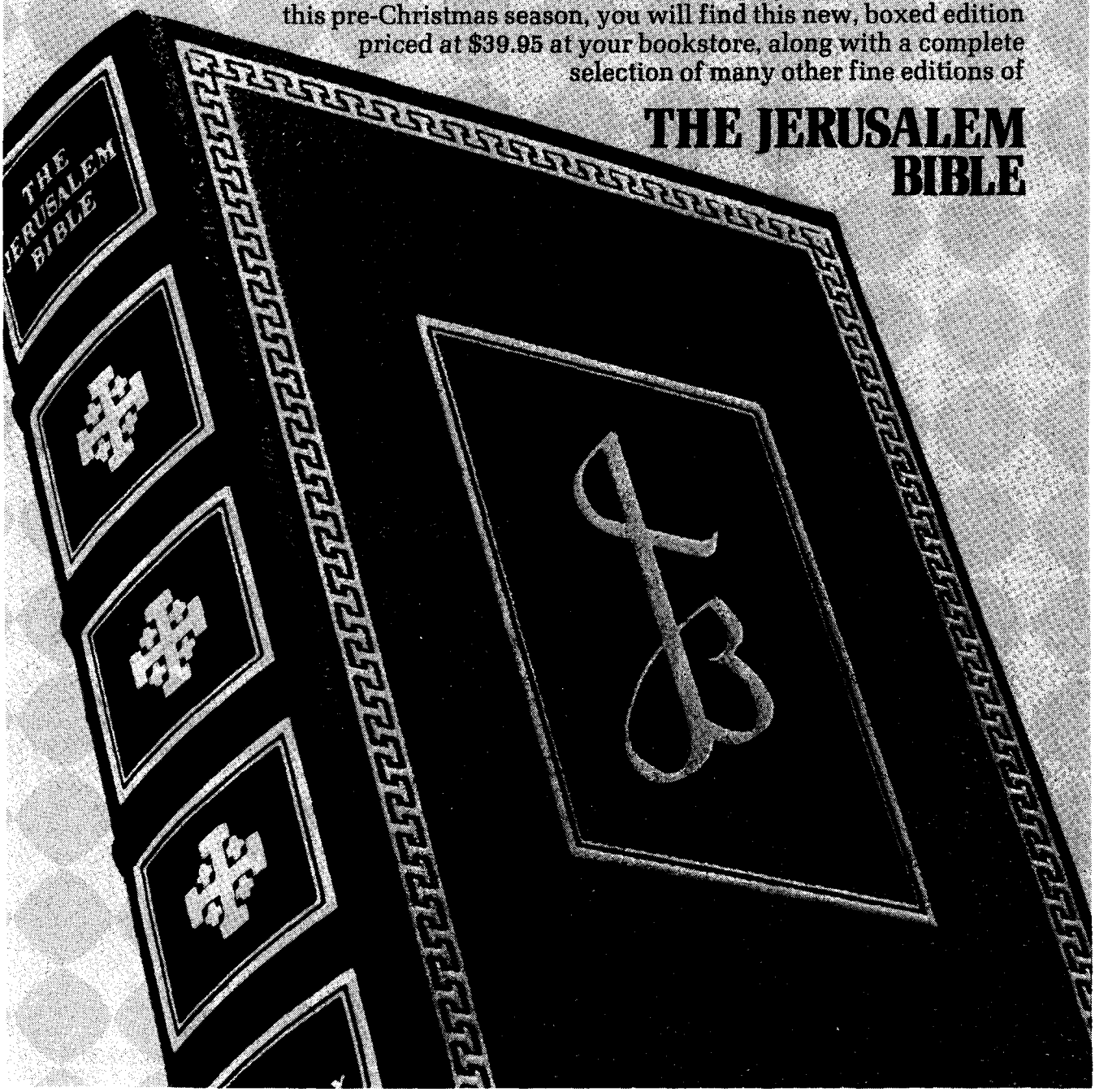

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DOUBLEDAY

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NEWS & VIEWS

Making It

It was a blow to one's liberal pride not to be named on President Nixon's "Enemies List" a few years back. Zounds. With Pete Hamill and Shirley McLaine making it and not *Commonweal*, we must have been falling down on the job. We licked our wounds, and took renewed consolation in our visit from the FBI, which had come calling during the escapade period of Dan Berrigan with an unhonored request to check our circulation files.

Ah, but reward comes to the patient. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Gathering, chaired by Senator Frank Church, has brought to light a new Nixon-era "target list" of 8,000 individuals and 3,000 organizations drawn up by a Special Services Staff (SSS) of the Internal Revenue Service to "receive and analyze all available information on all individuals promoting extremist views and philosophy." And there is *Commonweal*, shoulder to shoulder with *Rolling Stone*, *Ramparts*, *Playboy* and the *New York Review of Books*, and such individuals as Jesse Jackson, Coretta King, Joan Baez and Senators Charles Goodell and Ernest Gruening.

We were on a high for days. *Newsweek* brought us down with its Oct. 20 front cover.

Patty Hearst

American fascination with the television serial *Upstairs, Downstairs* is used by London *Tablet* columnist John F.X. Harriott for some remarkably sympathetic comments on Patty Hearst in the context of the human condition generally.

Father Harriott writes:

"Miss Patty Hearst engulfed the headlines. She, a multi-millionaire's daughter, had been temporarily but involuntarily translated from Upstairs to Downstairs, where she apparently sided with the servants, blackmailed her father into distributing his goods among the poor, and took up arms on their behalf. For this strange behavior several explanations have been offered. She was drugged. She was brainwashed. She was frightened out of her wits. As everyone knows, well-bred young ladies may cheat at cards, abort their offspring or smoke pot without putting their sanity in question; but if they rob banks they are crazy. Well, perhaps. But it would come as no surprise to hear that, for the first time in her life, someone had taught her the facts of poverty, and fierce indignation tore her heart.

"And if they did not excuse, they might extenuate her subsequent behavior, were the following facts among them: *Item:* during the 1960s the world's Gross International Product increased by 1 trillion dollars; 80 percent went to rich nations, 6 percent to nations with per capita incomes of less than £80 a year. *Item:* in the last 20 years developing countries' exports have risen by 30 percent, their revenue by only 4 percent; in 1960 25 tons of rubber would buy six tractors, today it buys two. *Item:* 70 percent of the world's people have only 7 percent of the world's industrial output; independent Africa contains only 0.6 of the world's industry. *Item:* 102 billion dollars of international reserves were created between 1970 and 1974; the developing nations received 3.7 billion, less than 4 percent. *Item:* The top ten transnational companies have higher incomes than the 80 poorest nations; estimates suggest that for every dollar they invest in developing countries they take out two in profit."

Such figures indicate, says Father Harriott, why the developing countries are no longer content with their station, and why stock must be taken.

This time it was a Patty Hearst passing from Upstairs to Downstairs to cause some hell. But if economic imbalances are not corrected, tomorrow, he suggests, the house may be burned down by a "fierce indignation tear-[ing] wilder hearts than Patty Hearst's."

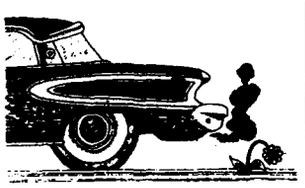
Church Finances

The financial crunch continues for many U.S. Catholic institutions.

In Pennsylvania, Cardinal Krol has accepted the honorary chairmanship of a national committee to help save the financially troubled Shrine of Czestochowa in Doylestown. The shrine has outstanding debts of $8 million and its operators, the Pauline Fathers, recently lost a court judgment, making it liable for an immediate debt of some $4.6 million, with other bonds coming due each year until 1980.

In Massachusetts, the *Boston Globe* reports that the LaSalette Fathers of Attleboro are seeking $5 million in interest-free loans from other Catholic orders in an effort to avoid financial collapse and possible action by the Securities and Exchange Commission. The LaSalettes were said to be carrying a debt of nearly $10 million and facing interest payments totaling $2.8 million during the years 1975-1980.

Similarly, a Catholic Press Association survey reveals that almost 60 percent of diocesan newspapers suffered financial losses in 1974. The average net loss was more than $28,000, primarily because of expenses outstripping gains in advertising and circulation revenues. The future? The papers' financial difficulties are becoming "more serious each year," according to CPA official John F. Fink.



Across the Atlantic in England, the financial crunch is more general. Parishes of the Church of England have been told that the Church faces a major money crisis, and that if giving at the parish level is not appreciably increased in the forthcoming year, the failure would necessitate "planning the end of the Church of England that we have hitherto known."

The projection is that $48 million above normal receipts is needed if the Church's expenses of nearly $230 million are to be met. One consequence of a fall-short will be the Church's inability to maintain a full-time ministry throughout England.

Odds and Ends

—Never underestimate American enterprise. A couple of guys managed to walk away with four bags of sawdust, 11,000 woodchips and some artifacts from a restoration project at Philadelphia's Independence Hall. They'll parlay that into an expected $6 million. Parker Pen Co., for one, has bought a couple bags of the chips and will encase the chips into the tops of ordinary $2.98 pens, which they'll sell as "Bicentennial Pens" for $100 each.

—Believe her book, and Maureen Dean's view of the Nixon White House was almost episcopal: "The President put out his hand to me. Thank goodness I had the presence of mind to shake it and not kiss it. With my latent Catholicism stirring in me, the thought of kissing his hand did cross my mind."

—The jockification of religion: Current "Christian best-sellers" of The Word Book Club include Roger Staubach's *First Down, Lifetime to Go;* John Wooden's *They Call Me Coach,* and Brooks Robinson's *Third Base Is My Home.* For readers with other tastes, there's *Finger Lickin' Good* by Col. Harland Sanders. And they said God was dead. . . .

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Poet's License

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Since *Commonweal* published some of the poems in my book (*To Open*, Viking Press), Mr. Heffernan's disparagement of it [Aug. 15] seems harsh indeed. Moreover, his contempt for my work extends to Stephen Spender whom he dubs a "gentle man" because he has praised it. Undoubtedly, Calvin Bedient is a gentleman. Nevertheless, I cite him in my behalf:

" '. . . through death's terrain I go,' Menashe says finely, 'making my own procession.' His prevailing tone is one of gratitude for existence . . . What an anomaly that he should appear in the midst of a generation of American poets who are envied elsewhere for their energy, their violence! . . .

"Menashe's hard clarity and brevity may be his protection money for being a high Romantic in the contemporary world. Perhaps he speaks in a small voice because a loud one would be less persuasive, less audible . . . I would say that his work is exceptional, and leave it at that. His simplicity—often a difficult simplicity—is choice, even exquisite." (*New York Times Book Review*). SAMUEL MENASHE

Elizabeth Seton

Harrisburg, Pa.

To the Editors: Arlene Swidler seems to be a bit afraid that America's first native-born Saint, Elizabeth Seton, may not be just quite "right" for canonization now [Aug. 1]. While finally granting that Mother Seton was "her own woman," Mrs. Swidler seems worried because canonization, she says, implies that the woman canonized must have been a "man's woman."

Assuredly the church authorities who have finally decided that Elizabeth Seton is a Saint have all been men. Still, it was the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae which urged prayers for Elizabeth

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COMMONWEAL
A review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts
Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
Printed in the USA and published biweekly
by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1975 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.
US and Canada: $15 a year. Foreign $17. Single copies 60c

THE OLD FLIM-FLAM

It was not President Ford who proposed a huge tax slash matched in advance by a congressional pledge of matching cuts in federal spending; that plan was the work of Candidate Ford. The tax reduction plan went beyond the expectations of almost all the experts, and it is clear that Mr. Ford considers the proposal a key vote-getting element in the 1976 race. Taking a leaf from Harry Truman's style if not his substance, Mr. Ford would like to campaign against what he calls a "can't do Congress." Typically, the Ford tax plan closes none of the present loopholes in the law, which allow too many fat-cats to pay no taxes at all; it omits entirely any provision to aid those below the $8000 annual income mark or those with large families. Instead the administration proposal takes dead aim on Mr. Ford's middle-class constituency, on whose votes he is counting in '76. Significantly, the tax cuts Mr. Ford proposes would go into effect early in the year, the spending cuts too late to be felt by Election Day. Said Republican Senator Henry Bellmon of Oklahoma: "If I had an evil political mind—and I have—I might think there was some political motive in this timing. I would say it would be very convenient to have a tax cut early in the political year and an expenditure cut very late in the year."

What are the Ford plan's chances? Representative Al Ullman, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee which originates tax legislation, spoke for many of his colleagues when he described the President's proposed package of tax and spending reduction as "totally preposterous." Aside from anything else, how could Congress commit itself now to huge spending slashes for a fiscal year that does not even begin until October of 1976? The first details of proposed federal spending will not be available to Congress until months after it would have committed itself to the Ford plan. Not that there is much secret about what Mr. Ford wants cut, as far as that goes; target areas for cutting would of course be the social services, from old age assistance and food stamps to slum clearance and medical care. What Congress could expect from the Ford administration

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on this score was illustrated by Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger a few days after Mr. Ford unveiled his plan. Would the administration recommend cuts in the military budget as well as in social services? On the contrary, Mr. Schlesinger urged the Senate to approve a defense budget $2.6 billion higher than the $90.2 billion measure approved by the House—a figure which already exceeds the House-approved budgetary guidelines by $932 million. No wonder congressional liberals and moderates consider the Ford tax proposal a political flim-flam game.

Mr. Ford knows full well that Congress cannot possibly agree to his reckless proposal. He is counting on what he thinks is lack of information on the part of the public to turn presidential irresponsibility into political capital in 1976. The budget deficit is due primarily to the Vietnam war and to the economic recession, brought on in part by administration mismanagement of the economy. Mr. Ford and his advisers are banking on the notion that the public is unaware of these facts and that they cannot be enlightened, but they may be kidding themselves. The public may not be as naive as they think.

The tragic thing about all this is that leadership on the economic crisis is badly needed. The budget deficit will get worse rather than better unless positive steps are taken to improve the state of the economy and thus increase total tax revenues. With unemployment still over 8 percent, Ford & Co. should be thinking in terms of economic stimulation, not retrenchment and further budget-cutting. The aim should be to expand, not shrink. What is needed is a national policy aimed at maximizing employment, by such means as constructing millions of desperately needed houses and apartments, improving lagging educational standards, replacing decrepit railroad lines, improving the level of national health care, restoring devastated urban neighborhoods. Such a policy would put millions back to work and, incidentally, back to paying taxes; it would be a positive rather than a negative way of dealing with the budget deficit. What the country needs, in short, is constructive and responsible leadership on this grave issue, not simply another political ploy.

COMING: Neil J. O'Connell writes of seeing 'Nashville' in Nashville.

Brian Wicker writes about Britain's controversial 'traditionalist' priest.

WASHINGTON REPORT

THE SHADOW OF '76

Our Town is rehearsing for next year's presidential election.

The other day, Senator Humphrey characterized President Ford as a "happy Hoover." The most optimistic Democrats are suggesting the President's economic recovery policy is one of "let 'em eat cake." Therefore, they reason, the Democrats next year could nominate the "Boston Strangler" and he would defeat the Republican candidate, still expected to be the sitting, but non-elected President, Gerald Ford. However, Democrats with their wits about them are beginning to think that, unlike in 1972, their party next year will nominate a presidential candidate whose support includes those with diverse political tendencies.

This point-of-view more often than not focuses on Senator Humphrey, many of whose opponents in the party in both the 1968 and the 1972 presidential-election years appear to have forgiven, if not forgotten, his disputed foreign-policy positions of those times. Visitors to this Federal City are reporting that, of all the meritorious candidates — declared and undeclared — Humphrey is usually the one most favorably remembered by local Democrats after he leaves towns and cities where he and other aspirants have recently spoken. His ardent and successful arguments a month ago in the Senate on behalf of the "Sinai Accords," including one specifically requiring congressional permission before American technicians could be sent there as monitors of an Egyptian-Israeli territorial withdrawal agreement, were based in general on a plea to give a president and his agents "wiggle room" within which to negotiate settlements of delicate and/or inflamed conflicts. The Middle East, of course, is the one most prominent in the American consciousness at this time. Humphrey's characteristically well-hewn advocacy helped reinforce predictions (or suspicions) that he was in training once again for the Big Apple. He spoke in the manner of a president rather than his actual position—a member of the Senate to which the Constitution assigns a major role in the direction foreign policy should take.

Of course, no one's nomination as the Democratic candidate is assured at this point. Nor is President Ford's in the Republican party, although logic and experience suggest he should have an advantage against challengers.

However, the President is increasingly plagued both within and without his own political party. First of all,

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he's giving an impression to watching Americans that he's "snake-bit." That's not a precise or scholarly diagnosis. Nevertheless, such a condition is recognized in political folklore. He trips going up and down portable stairways brought to his official airplane. A car he was riding in was struck during a visit to Hartford by a car containing teen-agers with empty beer cans strewn on the floor. Two women have unsuccessfully tried to assassinate him during appearances in California. His family's proclaimed tolerance for, or participation in, certain personal activities, is distressing numerous Americans living west of the Potomac River. These activities are providing backstairs gossip for supporters of Ronald Reagan, who is now gesturing visibly and more frequently in expressions of his desire to contest Ford for the Republican party nomination at its convention next August in Kansas City. The President's major proposals seem to get a brush-off after a day or two coverage in the press, the most recent example being his proposal for nearly $30-billion dollars in tax cuts in exchange for a corresponding reduction in the federal budget. It's as if he's not being taken seriously, even when he's being shot at.

Politically, the President, already a formally announced candidate, appears to be running currently against New York City, which is staggering on the edge of financial skid-row—municipal bankruptcy. Secretary of the Treasury Simon has recommended a hands-off policy by the President, advice that was being adhered to as of late last month. The President was publicly portraying New York City as profligate in its ways —including its financing of the municipal education system, primary through college, and welfare programs. The City, like all profligates, should take the cold-turkey treatment—presumably, although the President didn't specify, at the former Earle Hotel in the Village, now housing welfare recipients, rather than at the Carlyle or the Plaza.

Last month, the Vice President, likewise non-elected, publicly began to dispute the President. Rockefeller said financial default by the City would be a "catastrophe" with serious consequences for other cities and states, including Illinois, where financial alarums are being sounded. Undoubtedly, brother David, president of Chase Manhattan Bank, a powerful multinational financial institution, was not discouraging brother Nelson from "going public" on the issue. And the Senate Banking Committee, which has prepared a draft bail-out bill for the City, even held a public hearing on a Saturday during the October recess. Such was the pressure for some assistance from a hitherto balky Congress which, however, may be persuaded to favor aid in terms, not of a specific city's plight, New York's, but as a first step toward compelling governments—federal, state and local—to revise unproductive ways they now tax, plan and finance, establish and operate programs.

Nelson R's prominence on behalf of aid to New York City reinforces a political problem for President Ford. As the 1976 presidential-election year approaches, the antipathy for Rockefeller among important segments of the Republican party becomes more visible and impressive. A sensible Tory Senator told a liberal Democratic Senator the other day:

"You don't know how much we dislike Rockefeller, and Ford's nominating him for Vice President is close to an unforgivable political act. That's to us as it would be to you if a President Humphrey, in a situation similar to Ford's, selected George Wallace for Vice President."

Evidence that Rockefeller is a proven interventionist in foreign affairs and a proven domestic conservative—at least, in election years—fails to persuade this Republican senator and those with similar views that they have more, not less, in common with Vice President Rockefeller. As a result, President Ford, his kitchen cabinet is suggesting, would enhance his chances appreciably by "dumping" Rockefeller in some fashion or other. If not directly expressing a preference for another person, then, perhaps by declaring the vice-presidential nomination will be one for Republican delegates at the national convention next summer to determine.

But if the Democrats nominate Humphrey and the Republicans dump Ford for Reagan, there'd be a campaign in 1976(1964). Humphrey(Johnson) vs. Reagan (Goldwater). *Plus ça change . . . sauve qui peut.* Issues, anyone?

SISYPHUS

NANCY G. WESTERFIELD

VIRGIN AND CHILD

Against a sixteenth-century snatch of landscape
Accurate as a photograph: the fruited tree,
A calf, a distant castle on a hill,
All the conundra of the artist's past:
Seated, she lifts the subtle Child,
And the virgin breast, veiled diaphanously,
Supples itself upon the GodsSon's fist.
Berries like breasts hang at her milky cheek;
Round-eyed and guileless, spreading
Her curtained knees, sweetly she is
Coils and colors of paint within
The flow of form, framed by that fiction
Of an eternal summer, and in her lap
Eternally to be petted, the eternal He
She holds up in pink-armed innocence:
Until one sees, where almost the pointillist
Pupils of her eyes scan inwardly,
Twin sequins minute and secret that silhouette
Him: the hanged and nailed Man.

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OUR FICTIONS AND THE FAMILY

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

No one can deny that Oriana Fallaci has a way with words. She it was who gave us Kissinger, the lonely cowboy—evoking the image from the secretary himself, it is true —but with the wit to see how apt it was and faithfully passing it on to us. I found her comment on the discussion at the International Women's Year Conference in Mexico City equally apt. "I would have preferred a little less science fiction," she is reported to have said. "How can we plan for the future if we do not know the present situation?" Or the past, one could add.

I find, whether I discuss the women's movement with those of the left or those of the right, even those in the middle—especially in the Church—that I could do with less science fiction. Take, for example, the effect the woman's movement is going to have on the family. On one side I hear that all nurturing, authority, love, and trust will depart from the family if women get equal rights. On the other, I hear that a wonderful new day is dawning, that new family structures are a-borning built *only* on love and trust; that in the new day marriages, serial though they may be, will never be "dead marriages," whatever that may mean.

In both cases I am afraid that the speakers have visions of a family which does not exist, did not exist or cannot exist. What is a family? Father, mother, children. Recent research tells us that we can't say much more about it with any certainty. The Plan of Action agreed on at the Mexico City conference stipulated that the rights of women should be protected in all forms of the family: "including the nuclear family, the extended family, consensual union and the single-parent family." A Latin American delegate argued that what she called "the spontaneous family" should be added to the list, noting that in her country only half the family units were legalized.

We could well add to that last fact that in many countries heavily Catholic like those in Central America, unlegalized family units do not mean only what we in this country have called common law marriages, but mean a kind of multiple marriage or polygamy made obligatory by *machismo*. I think that Sanchez in that wonderful sociological report, *The Children of Sanchez*, managed four such unions. (But perhaps my memory exaggerates.) I recall a woman scholar, one of the most prominent international authorities on development, saying with a helpless sigh, "I think we could cut the population in Latin America in half if the Church would inveigh against the mistress system as mightily as it does against contraception — surely one thing is as sinful as the other, or so I was taught!"

One of the most common myths about family is that the historical norm has been the mother who stayed at home, kept house, and took care of the children until they all left home. This situation has been true only of middle-class women for a comparatively short time in history. Most women have always worked—and had only spare time left for cooking, cleaning and child-rearing. True, a woman might work in the fields beside her husband like today's migratory worker—but she might be also the primary agricultural worker as in Africa, the Middle East and Asia. Immigrant women cooked and did the laundry in other people's houses, and were often allowed one day to go home to their own children, for a few hours. They worked in the textile mills ten and twelve hours a day in New England, and the sewing lofts of lower New York —and no one cared about them until they formed their own unions. One could go on.

Another myth is that, until recently, we all had the extended family to rely on, and that with just a little readjustment in society and a return to proper values, the extended family could be restored. We forget that there must have been a large degree of failure in the extended family when almost every county in America had a poorhouse, or, as it was more euphemistically called, a county farm, where people indigent through no fault of their own, lived out their old age in misery and a sort of quasi-slavery. Throughout history the Church founded orders and created institutions to shore up the weaknesses in the family system. (Mother Seton instituted a foundling home as well as the first parochial school!)

Dr. John Demos of Brandeis is one of the few historians trying to recover the truth of the family from historical fact. He puts it well in a paper published in *The American Scholar:* "To study the history of the American family is to conduct a rescue mission into the dreamland of our national self-concept. No subject is more closely bound up with our sense of a difficult present—and our nostalgia for a happier past." It was not only a popular idea but one held by scholars, he says, that premodern society was organized into large kin groups "including several conjugal pairs, spanning three or four generations. . . . But recent demographic research has shown these notions to be quite unfounded. It is now clear that nuclear households have been the norm in America since the time of the first settlements, and in England for as far back as evidence survives. The fundamental unit, then as

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THE LAITY, DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE

STEPHEN J. KELLEHER

Speaking out on the rights of divorced persons

Within the Church today there is an ongoing struggle concerning the rights of persons in intolerable marriages to divorce and remarry. Persons like myself who seek the recognition of these rights base our arguments partially on the lack of reality of the present Church law concerning annulments and divorces. It is for this reason that I preface this article with a description of the words "annulment" and "divorce."

An annulment is a decision, or an acknowledgment of the fact, that a marriage never existed even though a man and a woman ostensibly went through a form of marriage, lived together for a time and had children in their marriage. An annulment means that a marriage never existed. When a marriage is null, the man and the woman in the union are free to marry. A divorce is a decision, or an acknowledgment of the fact, that a true marriage is dissolved. A divorce means that genuine marriage bond is broken and that the husband and wife in the marriage are free to remarry. In the article, we will be concerned only with annulments and divorces granted by Catholic Church tribunals. There will be no advertence to civil annulments or divorces nor to annulments or divorces emanating from religious communities other than the Catholic Church.

MONSIGNOR STEPHEN J. KELLEHER, *author of* Divorce and Remarriage for Catholics? *(Doubleday, 1973), was a member of the Marriage Tribunal of the Archdiocese of New York from 1943 to 1968. From 1967 to 1973 he was Consultor to the Pontifical Commission for the revision of the Code of Canon Law and adviser to the Canon Law Committee of the U.S. National Conference of Catholic Bishops. He served as chairman of the Committee of the Canon Law Society of America which authored "The American Procedural Norms" approved by the U.S. Bishops and the Pope and in effect since July of 1970, which have led to a twenty-fold increase in annulments.*

It is often erroneously stated or presumed that the Catholic Church does not grant divorces. As a matter of fact, Church tribunals or courts grant more divorces than annulments. These divorces are granted in virtue of the Pauline Privilege, the Privilege of the Faith and by papal dispensation. In Church law, every divorce is a privilege. There is no advertence to a right to divorce. As will be explained in the course of the article, the reasons why the Church grants divorces are unreal, are not related to the existential reality of marriage. It is my conviction that the Church cannot grant divorces but can only acknowledge the fact that marriages have dissolved. It is also my conviction that in her annulment proceedings, because of the broadened bases for tribunal annulments, the Church is often actually presuming to grant divorces—without using the word—rather than annulments. On the basis of thirty years of experience working with persons in intolerable marriages, I have come to the conclusion that it is impossible, with rare exceptions, for anyone to decide with certainty whether a marriage never existed or whether it was a marriage and dissolved or died. In other words, the Church tribunal is acting on a legal fiction when it presumes to decide, in individual cases, that a marriage is clearly subject to an annulment or clearly subject to a divorce.

For five years, from 1967 through 1972, I was a consultant to the Pontifical Commission for the Revision of the Code of Canon Law. The committee of which I was a member was charged with the task of proposing a revision of the procedural law governing the granting, or not granting, of Church annulments and divorces to persons in intolerable marriages. The Committee's proposed revision is not nearly so open or liberal as the American Procedural Norms currently approved for use by tribunals in the United States.

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The prospects for major reform in Church marriage law emanating from Rome are very, very dim.

One major problem our committee faced was the fact that we had no information concerning the work being done by the committee working on the proposed revision of the substantive law of marriage, i.e., the nature and meaning of marriage, the impediments to marriage, etc. We were in the incredible position of trying to establish procedural law for an unknown substantive law. The oft-expressed concern of several members of our committee as to the unreality of this method of working fell on deaf ears.

The most significant fact which characterized the work of our committee was that there was no input whatsoever on the part of the laity. All of the members of the committee were priests. Not one of us had been married, happily or unhappily. Obviously, none of us had suffered the anguish of divorce or had been in a second marriage, again happily or unhappily. This total lack of experience in marriage contributed in large part to the failure of the committee to see the need of knowing and having a felt sensitivity to the reality of sex and marriage before attempting to frame laws which would help persons to enter marriage maturely, to grapple with the accommodations necessary in marriage, to try to make the intolerable moments in marriage the occasions of growth, to know whether or not a marriage ever existed and had been consummated, to know if and when a marriage has died.

Above all, the committee failed to acknowledge the fact that most divorced Catholics remarry and that the Church has a responsibility to help remarried Catholics seek and find personal growth in Christ within the Church.

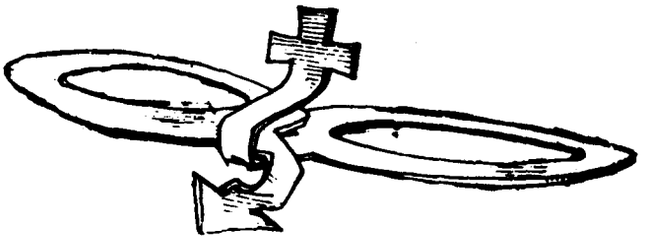
It is against this background that I encourage happily married persons, divorced persons and persons in second marriages to assert their rights in the formulation of any Church law concerning preparation for marriage, marriage itself, divorce and remarriage. There is no question but that the persons experienced in the life and death of marriage have the primary experience necessary for the formulation of Church teaching and law on marriage.

These are some reflections which should be kept in mind in the reformulation of Church teaching and law on marriage.

1) Even with the liberalized procedures of the American Procedural Norms and the broadened bases for annulment, there is no likelihood whatsoever that United States tribunals will be granting as many as 30,000 annulments yearly by 1980. Even granted this optimistic maximal figure, we will be faced with the fact that tribunals will be effectively helpful to perhaps one out of two hundred divorced Catholics in the United States. There are now 5,000,000 divorced Catholics or Catholics married to divorced persons. The number is increasing. There will certainly be more, not less, by 1980.

The difference in the quality of tribunal performance makes it a fact that the residence of a person may determine whether or not he or she will obtain an annulment and the length of time it takes for processing a case. For example, in 1974, the Brooklyn tribunal granted 725 annulments. In each of the neighboring tribunals of New York, Rockville Centre and Newark, considerably less than one-third of that number of annulments were granted. The fact that the tribunal of Mobile, Alabama, which serves a Catholic population of 47,680, granted 150 annulments in 1974 dramatizes the inequality of tribunal performance. Another fact of inequality is that some tribunals process cases in six months or less while others take two or more years.

2) A number of theologians and canon lawyers, as well as priests in pastoral ministry and lay persons, are saying in effect that, while the present teaching and law of the Church are to be maintained, at least some divorced and remarried Catholics may receive Holy Communion. This practice is called by various names: the



internal forum solution; the good conscience solution; the good faith solution; the amnesty solution.

Almost invariably, the persons advocating this practice use one or more terms such as the following: "This practice is to be *tolerated*——They should be *allowed* to receive Holy Communion——They are to be *permitted* to participate in the Eucharist——Despite *their sin* in divorcing and/or remarrying——Even though they have *failed* to live up to their vows——These are *exceptional* cases——They are to be reconciled through *the Sacrament of Penance*——This solution is to be applied *privately* or *secretly*."

Divorced and remarried Catholics and divorced Catholics who intend or desire to remarry are not looking for toleration of their status. They are not seeking, certainly not begging for, privileged treatment. They are not seeking permission to receive Holy Communion. They are not asking to be permitted to participate in the Eucharist. While they are well aware that their first marriages failed, they very often have no reason to believe that they failed as persons in these marriages or that they sinned in remarrying. They are not interested in any condescending, half-hearted, or demeaning reconciliation. They resent any inference that they are second-class citizens of the Church, that they are any

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less integrated with the Church than other Catholics.

Divorced Catholics seek a vindication of their rights to remarry and to be full-fledged Catholics in the public teaching and law of the Church. They consider it their right to decide in their consciences whether or not they have need of the Sacrament of Penance to exercise these rights before they exercise their right to receive Holy Communion.

With regard to the remarriage of divorced persons and their right to receive the Eucharist, there should be no such thing as a private or secret solution. Marriage of its nature is a public mutual commitment. It should not be looked upon as private or secret. It is a contradiction in terms to speak of a private or secret reception of the Eucharist. Public participation in the Eucharist is a sign that a person is welcome in the Christian community. If divorced and remarried Catholics do not receive Holy Communion publicly, they are not welcome in the community. The internal forum solution lacks an ecclesial dimension. Its continued use only serves to prolong an unChristian practice—the exercise of clerical power through fear.

3) To paraphrase what was said above, it is an utter fiction to state that the Catholic Church does not grant divorces. Any marriage in which one person is not baptized is open to divorce in Catholic Church law. This means that in Church law considerably more than two-thirds of the marriages in the world are subject to divorce. What does this say about the Catholic appreciation of Jewish, Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist religions and cultures? There is no cogent, Scriptural or theological evidence that the marriage of two baptized persons is any more indissoluble than the marriage between two unbaptized persons. The present law of the Church, allowing for divorce simply because one or both parties have not been baptized, is unreal.

4) In Church law, any marriage which has not been physically consummated is subject to divorce. Is marriage consummated by one merely physical act of intercourse? The present Church law is based on a clear affirmative answer to this question. But more and more scholars in Scripture, history, theology and canon law, as well as scholars in the necessarily related fields of gynecology and psychology, are saying that the answer is "No." Married couples know that the answer is "No."

Consummation is the heart of marriage. The consummation of a marriage has physical, emotional, consensual, social and spiritual aspects. The consummation of a marriage is one of the most intimate of personal acts. As a relationship, it is an exchange of mutual regard and marital affection. Consummation is conjugal love. It is love in marriage. In the consummation of a marriage, a man and a woman become two in one flesh when they give themselves to each other as persons. It is often the case that only the married partners know with sureness whether or not and to what extent a marriage has been or may be consummated. In some instances, only God knows. To relate the consummation of marriage only to the physical act of intercourse, as does present Church law, is to treat human beings as animals or insensate things. This is not good. Neither is it good that the decision as to whether a marriage has been consummated, physically or otherwise, is made by celibate clergy. This decision can be made only by the parties to a marriage.

The Church should acknowledge that marriages die, that full divorce takes place, when a couple are or become intolerable to each other as persons. Divorce should not be related to the absence of baptism or the absence of physical intercourse.

The purpose of this article is to encourage the laity to speak to their bishops concerning the rights of divorced persons to remarry. Earlier this year, the Parish Council of the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola of Hicksville, New York, proposed, as a specific means of reconciliation during the Holy Year, that Catholics in stable second marriages, after personal consultation with their priest-confessor be officially recognized to have a right to share in the Eucharist. This proposal was directed to Bishop Walter Kellenberg, the bishop of Rockville Centre, New York, with the request that he bring it to the attention of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

The Hicksville Parish Council proposal is a landmark statement. It clearly and simply speaks of the *right* of persons in second marriages to receive the Eucharist. Would that other parish councils, as well as vicariate and diocesan councils, would follow the lead of the Hicksville pioneers and set before their bishops similar and even stronger proposals. As is clear from the above, I am convinced that it is time for the Church to acknowledge the right of divorced persons to remarry publicly in the Church, and not simply the right of Catholics in second marriages to receive Holy Communion.

I would have preferred that, in the Hicksville proposal, consultation with a priest, not necessarily a confessor, had been made optional. However, I salute the members of the Council for their readiness in urging "the welcoming back many of our separated brothers and sisters with the same love and compassion that Jesus taught us."

Priests and religious are now able to be declared free of their vows. This change in Church law came about because the Church heard the anguished voices of persons experienced in the priesthood and religious life. It is time for married persons to voice the anguish of those of their number who live in intolerable marital situations, to vindicate the rights of divorced Catholics to remarry publicly in the Church and to be welcomed fully and openly in the celebration of the Eucharist.

There is no question but that the Church should con-

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tinue to set forth the general imperative found in the Bible, both in the Old and the New Testament, that every marriage, whether the parties are baptized or not, is intended to be permanent. However, the Church is flying in the face of reality when she absolutizes this imperative to the point of maintaining that marriage vows which have become impossible of fulfillment are sacred bonds and, when both partners are baptized, signs of the union of Christ and his Church. No bond is sacred which dehumanizes the persons bound. There is no sign of Christ in a marriage in which the parties are destroying each other.

Hundreds of priests in the United States are devoting their talents and energies to tribunal work, trying to help persons whose marriages are dead to obtain tribunal annulments and divorces. The Church would be better served if priests experienced in counseling directed themselves to the task of helping lay persons find better ways of preparing for marriage and helping married couples see that the problems and sacrifices inherent in marriage may be the occasions of growth and maturity. If a couple decide they are unable to grow and mature in their marriage they should be free to divorce and remarry.

THE WILDCAT MINERS

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

An unresolved powder keg of grievances

West Virginia is a state of tales and legends—as many as the "creeks and hollers" which wind through its Appalachian mountains. When almost 30,000 of the state's 60,000 miners were recently out in wildcat strikes unauthorized by their union and prohibited by the courts, they retold the story of the new oculist in Charleston who visited several of the mines when the shift was changing, holding an eye chart in front of him to bring queries about his practice. All the mines, of course, were shut down.

That attitude has been characteristic of the industry, whose workers are now aware that their calling places them in a new perspective within the complex aftermath of America's energy crunch. It was not an occasion for local stories within the board rooms of the mining companies, however, when in late August upwards of 80,000 miners—about three-quarters of the nation's soft coal workers—were off the job. In addition to West Virginia, mines were temporarily closed in Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

The wildcat—a strike unauthorized by the International Union, United Mine Workers of America—brought thousands of its members into conflict with not only the company but with federal courts which began to issue back-to-work injunctions based upon the contract. A rally by some 300 militant miners in Charleston in late August protested the sentencing of a local union president to 90 days in jail. When civil contempt fines were levied against the International Union—$100,000 a day, which soon piled up to exceed one million—the heat was applied to local leaders to return to the mines. And, almost as spontaneously as it had begun, the wildcat ended.

The trouble was an unresolved power keg of grievances surrounding safety issues—one of the big items in the 1974 contract negotiated by UMW reform President Arnold Miller, and described by him on that occasion as "the best in American labor history." Final acceptance of the pact was achieved in a coalfield referendum only with the adoption of a new grievance procedure for safe working conditions.

As the coal companies have sought to steadily increase production to take advantage of the high prices which have resulted from the oil embargo, hazards have increased and mine safety has suffered. For the first six months of 1975 the U.S. Bureau of Mines reported 75 fatalities—an increase over the 67 deaths reported in the same period the previous year. Fatal accidents such as these would be intolerable in virtually any other industry, but have been accepted as a way of the workplace in underground mining in this country.

These horrendous figures lead to the low tolerance level of miners unable to cope with conditions in which there is no real resolution or correction offered. The problem becomes epidemic under the old system, in which miners who filed grievances would wait up to six months for a decision to be made about their complaint. The foot-dragging process was favored by the companies, and they were not about to give it up in many locations simply because of new language included in the new contract.

The new grievance procedure—inserted into the pact only after the three-week strike which preceded the signing of the contract last December—has reduced the process to a 60-day maximum period between complaint

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and decision. Implementation, however, has been lost in the limbo of good intentions promised by coal companies for years. Miner resentment also built up over the continued reliance of the operators on the courts rather than on established bargaining procedure.

"Coal companies get injunctions anytime they ask for them," says Sam Howze, who was jailed for refusing to order his men back to work, "and miners usually just ignore 'em." The injunction route is another West Virginia and Kentucky tradition: for decades the heavy arm of government has come down on the side of the mine owners and their clients. Consequently, there has been little respect and less awe toward strike injunctions or writs handed down by federal judges riding circuit.

The seven-figure fines are the least of Arnold Miller's troubles (most observers doubt if the companies would ever demand payment). For while the wildcat issue is a festering one which is central to the application of any meaningful contract won by the UMW, it is something which the onetime coal miner from Cabin Creek, West Va. can understand and cope with. Unassuming and totally honest, he came up from the pits into the Washington, D.C. headquarters of the UMW, which was bought by the late John L. Lewis from the Union League when he moved the union from the Hoosier flatlands. If Arnold Miller is an anachronism, so were his predecessors light years apart in both motivation and style: there is an instinctive rejection toward efforts to lump together the majesty and the tyranny of a Lewis with the tenure of "Tough Tony" Boyle, the convicted murderer.

What Miller may yet be unable to cope with is the process which is now taking place in the interior politics of his union, still heady from the democracy which he and his Miners for Democracy insurgents brought with their historic 1972 rank-and-file victory over the Boyle machine. For this month three of his key aides are leaving the UMW organization staff, in a move which is seen by some as a reaction to his reform administration and by others as initial success in removing a cadre of young and highly motivated technicians who have provided much of Miller's direction.

The mildly leftward stance of the UMW since the Miller election is in contrast to its isolation under Boyle for more than a decade. Notorious in its "sweetheart" relationship with the coal owners, the union had descended to such a level that corruption, nepotism and sell-outs were accepted as inevitable. "They made murder contracts, not collective bargaining contracts," says a Miller aide. When that went out, and the revulsion over the contract slaying of anti-Boyle candidate "Jock" Yablonski became known, the UMW experienced under Miller a virtual facelift.

Under the direction of Yablonski son "Chip," the UMW legal department was molded into what the *Wall Street Journal* said was one "of the best in the American labor movement," providing not only negotiating skill with the industry but devising strategy which finally broke the anti-union stronghold of eastern Kentucky in 1974. The UMW *Journal*, once a moribund example of unrestrained puffery for Boyle and his cronies, was transformed into an attractive publication which has employed investigative journalism in the finest traditions of muckraking.

Former West Virginia University Professor Don Stillman, who had served as Miller's campaign press secretary, has been the spark behind the *Journal*. Like many of the other college-educated and sophisticated UMW staff, he was a VISTA worker in Appalachia, moving to the Miller crusade before the downfall of the Boyle machine even became a remote possibility. Rick Bank, Miller's executive assistant, and Tom Bethell, another key staff person appointed by Miller, have also been involved in much of the decision-making since the UMW came under new leadership.

Now this may be breaking up. Stillman is going to the Auto Workers as their top publicist. Yablonski and the union's associate counsel, Daniel Edelman, are quitting to form their own law firm. Their departures may or may not be related to UMW board infighting in which some Miller critics have described some of the president's aides as "house Reds" and "radicals." There could even be some substance to hints of back-country anti-Semitism, because of the similar background of Miller appointees.

The conflict may be deeper than that. The cultural roots of many UMW members run deep into the mountains, and they assert suspicion toward sophisticated, knowledgeable people regardless of what "side" they are on. Wildcats are an understandable response to the technicians who have set up unworkable rules and regulations while miners die in the bowels of the earth. Arnold Miller understands this, for he knows the frustration and rage of a man forced underground to make a living.

The walkouts by those whose trust he shared do not come easy. As a classic, decent reformer, he may not be able to withstand the battering rams of counter-reform at the UMW door. He may wish he were back in the Carbon Fuel Coal Company mine in Kanawha County, but he has come too far down the road to look back. The Lewis legacy in its finest hour is there to achieve—the Boyle nightmare is there to remind them of what can happen again. Arnold Miller may just shake his head and tell them about Sammy Hawkins and Dave Sprouse.

Convicted of criminal contempt charges in West Virginia's Boone County in early September, they had been among those jailed by a federal judge for violating picketing orders. Placed on probation for a year, they returned to court and asked to be placed in jail for 90 days because the probation terms prohibited them from carrying guns for the next year. "If we can't hunt, we might just as well go to jail," they told the judge. They went to jail.

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Fourth in a Series

A PERSONAL MEMOIR

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

I have had a long, troubled relationship with the Church. (I learned to call the Roman Catholic Church 'the Church' as a student of medieval history and it has been 'the Church' ever since.) The Church knows nothing of this dalliance. I flirted with Catholicism or railed against it from afar, rather like an admirer who sees so many flaws in the unapproachable beloved that she doesn't wish to bring the relationship to fruition but can't quite give up on her ideal notion of what the troublesome creature *should* be.

Let me begin at the beginning. I was born a non-Catholic and I became, at an early age, an anti-Catholic. This was not so much the result of strictures from my family as my absorption of the parochial attitudes which predominated in my rural, small town environment. Such exotic faiths as Catholicism and Judaism (although one was never quite sure whether Judaism counted as a religion or not given the disbelief of Jews in the Incarnation) were suspect. There were, in fact, no practicing Catholics in my town—unless they somehow celebrated mass at home. Indeed, there was only one church: a stern white affair with a barren interior featuring rows and row of extremely hard wooden benches. This local church was called "non-denominational" by the townspeople but the minister was a Presbyterian. Although my family was Lutheran, the nearest Lutheran Church was ten miles away so until I reached the age at which young Lutherans go to Catechism school I was, I suppose, a little Presbyterian.

My memories of my Presbyterian days involve pleasant Sunday School teachers and printed Sunday School lessons with pictures of Jesus in postcard colored glory: open-faced, rosy-cheeked, white, Anglo-Saxon features, long, wavy light- to dark-brown hair. He was always surrounded by benignly smiling followers, benignly smiling children, or both. Usually He was standing in verdant pastures or strolling down pathways bordered by delicately colored flowers tending towards pale reds and pinks. The only time I encountered living Catholics occurred when a Catholic family, with two girls my own age, moved to town. The new girls were tough rowdies who had freckles and Tried to Get People into Trouble by drawing others in on their mischievous pranks. This did not bolster Catholicism in my eyes. I was a rather earnest young person and I assumed it reflected badly on the Church if children who belonged to it were ill-mannered and coarse.

At the appointed time I was transported the necessary distance in order to attend Lutheran Catechism school. We spent most of our time memorizing the questions and answers from Luther's Small Catechism. I entered upon my devoted, intense Lutheran period. I learned of all the shocking horrors and abuses against which Luther had mounted his protest. I committed to memory all the fine points which distinguished Transubstantiation from Consubstantiation. I found it completely unfathomable that presumably intelligent individuals could truly *believe* anything so patently ridiculous as the transformation of the wine and bread into the *actual* body and blood of Christ. Catholicism smacked of an encrusted, archaic, unenlightened tradition which hadn't kept pace with the March of History; of superstitions occasionally dressed up as a picky and arid philosophy which got itself bogged down in consideration of incomprehensible and irrelevant trivialities; of snooty bishops, cardinals, and popes laden with sumptuous garments who wandered through meaningless rituals featuring smoke, candles and mumbled Latin; of monks and nuns who hid away from the world and did nothing "useful" for society; of hypocritical injunctions concerning venial and mortal sins which Catholic youths blithely ignored because they knew "they could pay the priest and he would forgive them." I was convinced of my own intellectual and moral superiority as a bright, young, up-to-date Protestant as I compared myself with those of my age group still captured by what was a defunct institution soon to topple of its own volition. (Mostly, however, I didn't think about Catholicism or the Church.)

I was not untroubled by religious doubts as I entered high school. I began to question Martin Luther's faith, that unceasing, fearful confrontation with a wrathful and just God on His own terms. I tried to relax in the assurance that faith and not good works mattered where one's eternal soul was concerned. But as I lay awake at night and thought of Luther's *angst*, his tortuous journey to the belief that he truly believed, I decided that I understood his fear and anguish and I could draw no comfort from his faith. What if one believed one had faith but really did not? Could such self-deception damn one's

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soul? Or was God merciful enough to forgive us our self-deceits? I asked my minister how I could be certain I had faith. Luther's Small Catechism, as carefully as I had read and memorized it, hadn't provided a satisfactory answer. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," he answered. "Yes, I do," I replied, "but what if I don't, deep down where even I don't know about it but God will because He knows all?" Then I was told that the person who had faith would automatically, as it were, perform good works. This meant in practice that I had faith (although I had learned, of course, that one was saved by faith alone). I remained dissatisfied.

I began undergraduate school as a major in history and I plunged myself into a painful rethinking of the grounds of both my political and religious beliefs. Loss of the religious and secular faiths in which one was raised is a long, complex process involving the world outside and the world within. My burgeoning rational skepticism carried me from initial doubt of Christian dogma to a rejection, a sloughing off one-by-one of the creation of the world as recounted in Genesis, the existence of the Holy Ghost, the virginity of the Virgin Mary, and, inescapably (but with fear and trepidation) the Incarnation, individual immortality—all of it gone. I kept a personal record, my belief barometer. As the barometer fell to nearly zero I wanted to rebuild. First I called myself an atheist. This lasted two weeks or so. The very word 'atheist' threw me into deep gloom. Then I became a deist after studying the Enlightenment and reading Voltaire. That didn't last long and I was shortly thereafter transmogrified into that most urbane and well-mannered of contemporary beasts, the liberal agnostic. The person who knows she doesn't know and what's more doesn't give a damn. Tweaks her nose at the frivolity and fundamental absurdity of religion. (A posture similar to that of Vonnegut's Bokonon who, as the world ices over, lies on his back "grinning horribly, and thumbing my nose at You Know Who." I did a lot of nose thumbing at You Know Who.) Agnosticism was undoubtedly the final answer: the proper position for the historian and political scientist-in-becoming.

But St. Augustine, damn him, kept nagging at me after I read the *Confessions* for a medieval history course. I also worked very hard to repress the fact that I had been moved to tears when my instructor read passages from various of the medieval saints in class. My classmates sat in stolid silence. Several indicated they thought such "irrationality" had (thank god?) been dispensed with by Modern Science. I viewed my own reaction as an atavism. Raised in a Christian family, I just hadn't sloughed off the recrudescence of the past quite efficiently enough. But I found myself drawn, nonetheless, to the concept of the *respublica Christiana*, to that compelling medieval drama, the contest between *regnum* and *sacerdotium*, to the notions of grace and selfless sacrifice for others or one's faith (all so at odds with the predominant modern notion of the human being as a rational, cautious calculator of self-interest), and to the beauty, richness, opulence and grandeur of much of that medieval tradition which found its culmination in the soaring spires of Gothic cathedrals.

A few of us, meanwhile, organized in support of civil rights and social justice. The Eisenhower era was laid to rest and the student movement was just beginning. It wasn't yet Berkeley and Free Speech but it was getting there, slowly, as the society trembled with the inchoate rumblings of what we enthusiastically believed would be great change. Energized by Kennedy, touched by King and Pope John XXIII's simple caring and concern, we marched and leafleted and petitioned. Vietnam was a long way off. A few advisors. Nothing more. The last vestiges of the Cold War.

1963 Assassination. 1964 Gulf of Tonkin. Jejune hopes for the New Frontier and the Great Society faltered then festered into personal as well as political wounds. But the secular faith being the only faith left (the others having been destroyed by the acids of scientistic rationalism) I clung to a flagging belief in Progress and liberal Reason. My faith lay in the secular repository and I wasn't going to draw all my savings out of the bank at once. A stouter heart than my own for that task. Time passed. Political dissent and despair. King lost. Another Kennedy dead.

I began to think about the Church again—or about a thread in its tradition which reemerged in those halcyon days of protest and risk. I remembered the words from an essay by Albert Camus I had read years before, an essay on what the unbeliever expects from Christians. This is what he said:

> What the world expects of Christians is that Christians should speak out, loud and clear, and that they should voice their condemnation in such a way that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt, should rise in the heart of the simplest man. That they should get away from abstraction and confront the blood-stained face history has taken on today.

I was no longer a Christian if by that one meant adherence to a particular creed. But I shared Camus' expectation. Surely if anyone should speak to condemn the slaughter of innocents, I thought, it ought to be Christians. I recalled the words of St. Augustine in Book IV of *The City of God*: "In the absence of justice, what is sovereignty but organized brigandage?" Augustine's gloomy bifurcation between the City of God and the City of Man, based as it was on the notion that man's conscience belongs to the City of God and thus supersedes any loyalty to a state viewed as little more than a "band of criminals" which "by recruiting more criminals, acquires enough power to occupy regions, to capture citizens, and to subdue whole populations . . .", was resurrected by the Catholic anti-war

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left. Daniel Berrigan, his brother and his compatriots nagged away, pricking the American conscience, using drama, symbol and metaphor to condemn America's sordid moral priorities. Their actions gave voice to my own horrified realization of the failures of American society to face the truth about itself, its unwillingness or incapacity to confront its own cultural "crimes of birth," its refusal to correct the discrepancy between the dream and the reality of American society. It was, as one comentator on the Berrigans observed, ". . . not Christianity, but Americanism which has been tried and found wanting."

Well, the war is officially 'over.' Protest has subsided. People focus on their dwindling resources as inflation mounts, jobs are lost, and corporate profits rise. I don't think much about the Church anymore. But I know what I expect of it in a time of pervasive despair: there are hungry to be fed, trembling to be clothed, homeless to be housed, frightened to be comforted. There are systems of oppression and exploitation to fight and to condemn. To this end, the Church must as never before confront and come to terms with socialist theory for of all the possibilities for restructuring society, for narrowing if not eliminating the unconscionable gap between the many poor and the few rich, for providing minimal dignity in the form of clothing, shelter, health care and education, socialism offers the clearest alternative to the exploitative present. Oh yes, the consumer cornucopia in which goodies were dispensed in disproportionate amounts to successful little American boys and girls was never supposed to end. But end it must. And end it should.

Perhaps the loss of faith is really a loss of innocence. As painful as that may be, it isn't necessarily bad. A democratic socialism, erected on a foundation of respect for persons, on a belief in the dignity of each and every human being in the eyes of God and man, owes much to Christianity. For St. Thomas Aquinas, for example, man was a political and social animal. Secular rule and dominion were ordained by God to achieve earthly peace and justice. A restructured society, one not dedicated to the protection of the pursuit of private profit, might well move to fulfill both the Thomist vision of secular dignity and justice as well as the Marxist concept of the non-alienated society in which people truly become themselves as they share in labor for the common good.

What, finally, do I think of the Church? Well, it is something which is always there: one secure point of reference in a fragmented and apparently random world. I'm happy that it's there, but then I'm happy that Long's Peak in my home state of Colorado is always in the same place when I journey westward each summer. I know that there is ferment and change within the Church. But too often to those of us outside it the ferment seems, at best, focused on rather arcane or trivial matters. When the Church makes common cause with those who struggle for earthly justice and equality I may not overcome my many years of railing and flirting with it from afar (in other words, there shall be no marriage) but I will gladly join hands in a struggle to ennoble the earthly realm by eliminating from it those systems of privilege and exploitation which do violence to the bodies and spirits of human beings all of whom are equally children of God.

LIBERATION? NONE—SEXISM? MOSTLY

THE STAGE

It is customary to expect from Broadway theater the sophisticated and from Off-Broadway the avant garde. With these expectations I thought it might be interesting to see how sex and its liberation were faring this summer season, an unusually active one for New York theater. On the basis of various reviews I chose, on Broadway *Chicago*, and Off-Broadway, *Let My People Come*, which explicitly claims to be "A Sexual Musical."

One is compelled to conclude sadly, poor sex, poor liberation, poor sexual liberation.

Perhaps one should not really have expected much from *Chicago* except, in Graham Greene's terms, entertainment. And good entertainment it is, chiefly because of Gwen Verdon and Chita Rivera dancing Bob Fosse's choreography. But like the people of the play, the sex was dreary and the liberation not at all. A sort of *Cabaret* transposed to Capone's Chicago, it lacks the former's bone-chilling despair. But it is more than sufficiently depressing as it is, since every sexual encounter's denouement is both deception and violence. Its combination of sex, violence and exploitation might more readily be expected in Broadway's X-rated porn shops than its sophisticated theaters, even when they are attempting satire.

Even more disappointing and equally unliberated was *Let My People Come*, probably because this "sexual musical" both claims to be and has been described as a "theatrical emancipation" and a "milestone for freedom of expression." It may have been—ten years ago. But in the age of Al Goldstein and his journal, *Let My People Come* is about as emancipated as the old men's smokers and stag shows.

In the long run, in fact, its sexual liberation and emancipation are no more convincing than the nontumescent celibate sexuality of romantic Irish clerics like Andrew Greeley, Eugene Kennedy and Vince Dwyer. Its "look but don't touch" policy (almost as stringent on stage as between cast and audience) can hardly

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be considered an advance over the normal house rules of any burlesque house or show bar.

Some of the music is bright and bouncy, some of the lyrics clever and catchy. But the words betray an almost completely unemancipated understanding of sex and an equally unliberated attitude toward the female sex. Indeed the emphases of the lyrics clearly reflect the male bachelorhood of both Earl Wilson, Jr., composer and lyricist, and Billy Cunningham, arranger and conductor.

It could hardly be insignificant that, according to Wilson as quoted in the program, the very first song to be composed was "Come In My Mouth," a paean in praise of fellatio. Indeed, oral sex is very big in this musical, but the balance is entirely in favor of the male as recipient, the female as agent (a neat reversal of the traditional and typical male-female sex roles). The program does contain one song about cunnilingus, but it escaped my notice in the performance I saw. In any case the attitudes of the lyrics are quite different. The one about cunnilingus is quite clearly a spoof; the one about fellatio simply oozes with feminine fulfillment—it is, indeed, a song about "the part of you I idolize." Male sexism is elsewhere also in evidence. Although the cast generally and frequently appears nude, there is unmistakably a predominance of female nudity. This is clearly evident in the program which features totally nude females throughout, with a few males, but has only the former on the outside cover. The play's attitude toward the female genital zone is about what one would expect of TV ads for feminine hygiene deodorants. The same old fashioned sexist attitude is also illustrated by the play's fascination with the size of the male organ as well as with the male's (and not the female's also?) pipedream of almost perpetual sexual motion.

The most heartfelt songs of the evening were about homosexual relationships, whether male or female. "I'm Gay" declares that "I'm really happy and not ashamed at all of what (notice, not who, but what) I am . . . this is how God meant me to be." It is highly interesting that at precisely this juncture the deity should be invoked. The other male homosexual song and the single female one are both suffused with a melancholy loneliness, a leit-motif of not a little of the lyrics. Far from being a sort of neo-mesopotamian pansexual orgiastic exultation, which *Let My People Come* at times seems to want to be, it turns out to be much more the plaint of modern urban anonymities, "each afraid to be left alone." But how can they avoid being condemned to such solitude? Their Sartrean negative understanding of freedom as the absence of the other has already condemned them to a relationless and monadic solipsism, which is mistaken for freedom. They have indeed become "two clinging shadows, etched on a wall."

Whether the play succeeds in avoiding that gnostic depreciative distinction between the body and the "I" strangely so characteristic of so-called modern materialistic man is not at all certain. One title, "I Believe My Body When It Talks To Me," at least hints an anthropology which, far from finding "sex a magical show . . . a beautiful thing," has typically rejected sex and the body.

In general one does not get the impression that *Let My People Come* is really a vibrant and vital Dionysian celebration of sex—it is not a play which fulfills its own desire and "lets your body sing." Of course it is hardly your typical ladies sodality or garden club party fare. But its sense of sexual liberation hardly surpasses their "uptight feelings . . . fear . . . inhibitions" so berated in the play's finale and title song.

The Christian tradition certainly has to bear great responsibility for the bondage in which sex has so long been fettered, at least in the Christian West. And it has an equal responsibility to promote the liberation of sex, for the sake of "the return to paradise," God's original Eden, a garden of pleasure. A play like *Let My People Come* can help, for it indicates that Christians need not look to so-called modern secular man for sexual liberation and emancipation. The old stifling and heavy-handed bondage is still there, only under new and different auspices. Like its forebears and kin, the stag show and smoker, *Let My People Come* is mostly all talk and no action, its focus is not the heart, but the groin. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

ROBERT KRESS

(Father Robert Kress, author of Whither Womankind: The Humanity of Women [*Abbey*]*, is an associate professor of philosophy and religion at the University of Evansville.)*

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PHILIP K. JASON

HEAT WAVE

August envelops my skin
tacky as drying lacquer.

The leaves float heavily
laden with insects.

The sun plates
mortar to the trowel,

the clouds forget
to throw shadows,

and the oil leaks of winter
spread and run downhill.

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THE SCREEN

The admonition, *Smile,* which serves as title for Michael Ritchie's new film, isn't really addressed to us (the film doesn't need to prompt us this way). It's addressed to the people in the film, who are contestants at a fictitious California regional for the "Young American Miss Pageant." What *Smile* does is trace the lives of both the contestants and the contest officials during the days leading up to the regional finals in Santa Rosa, California. What makes *Smile* funny is the way it transfers the atmosphere of this public event to the private lives of the people involved in it. Like the performances given by the contestants, the lives lived by the characters in this film are entertaining because they're so clutzy.

Every character's life seems to be the same sort of dance routine that the girls must work so hard to learn —a little series of painfully rehearsed, ludicrously obvious two-steps done over and over and over again. Pageant chairman "Big Bob" Freelander (Bruce Dern) cheerfully tells everyone who approaches him, "No rest for the weary this week." Chairwoman Brenda DiCarlo (Barbara Feldon) listlessly tells her husband every time he approaches her that she has a headache. The janitor of the Santa Rosa Veterans Memorial Auditorium keeps pulling bottles of gin out of the woodwork, Big Bob's nine-year-old son, Little Bob, keeps getting into fistfights with friends over their scheme to sell nude photographs of the contestants, and the token Mexican-American contestant keeps giving out crocks of guacamoli dip to the contest judges.

The heart of Ritchie's film is the pageant rehearsals, where the girls learn those two-steps they will have to do on judgment night. But as the pageant brochure, from which Big Bob so often quotes, undoubtedly points out, it is for life itself, not just the pageant, that these girls are really rehearsing. And it's certainly true that life in Santa Rosa is, like those rehearsals, an unremitting slapstick of flubs, bloopers, missed cues, bad timing, inexperience and plain lack of talent.

Like one of the girls falling off the stage during the rehearsals, Little Bob blows his chance to photograph the girls in their dressing room by falling over the janitor, prostrate with drink in the buses outside. When Brenda's husband decides to confide in Big Bob about his marital problems, he unwittingly makes it a public performance by unburdening himself within range of the public-address mike at the drive-in where they're eating. Wife Brenda's home even looks like the pageant, with paper runners for walking over freshly shampooed carpets like the runways down which the girls parade in the auditorium. It's on those very carpets that Brenda's husband decides to shoot her instead of himself, thus forcing her (more bad timing) to attend the pageant finale with a flesh wound.

If *Smile* ultimately loses some of its zing, it's because Ritchie isn't pitiless enough. Unlike Robert Altman, whose *Nashville Smile* resembles in some regards, Ritchie has unfortunately mixed feelings about his victims. In the end Ritchie wants us to love his characters as well as despise them. He wants us to participate in the contest, to get caught up in the spirit of the thing, as well as remain aloof so we can laugh at it all. Like two of Ritchie's earlier films—*Downhill Racer* and *The Candidate*—*Smile* is about the hoopla of public competition; and as in those films, so here, there is a central character who acquires a real taste for competing after at first being very reluctant and uncertain.

As this contestant becomes more and more involved in the pageant, Ritchie tries to draw us in too in sympathy with her. For one thing, the later scenes in the film are longer than the early ones, which automatically makes them more dramatic. By the end Ritchie wants us to be sitting on the edge of our seats, waiting for the winners to be announced. After we have had so much fun at the girls' expense, it's only decent, I guess, to try to see it their way in the end. It's decent, but it's not funny. The tension Ritchie tries to build up with this change of pace in the ending is really something of a let-down for us.

Maybe Ritchie came to be of two minds about his characters because his film developed as such a peculiar mixture of reality and fantasy, a blend of documentary and fiction footage. On the one hand, his story and characters are fictitious. But on the other hand, the film and some of its cast grew out of his experiences as judge at a real beauty contest, and the final night of the pageant was staged as a real contest too, with a paying audience. Perhaps it is because the emotions in his film's ending are genuine in this sense that Ritchie gives in to them himself, and tries to get us to do the same. A somewhat similar ambivalence of the real and the illusory, the documentary and the fictitious, exists in Jean-François Davy's *Exhibition,* though the result in this film is something much more insidious than in *Smile.*

Where Ritchie sentimentalizes his approach in order, perhaps, to give it a wider appeal, Davy intellectualizes his for the same reason. Davy, who is France's premier director of hard-core pornograhy, has as his subject in this film Claudine Beccarie, who is France's premier star of hard-core and a woman Davy has often directed before. The difference this time is the *"auto-analyse"* that Claudine puts herself through in a series of interviews Davy intercuts with the standard hard-core footage. *"Auto-analyse"* is what the French Ministry of Culture called it, anyway, when its control board certified this

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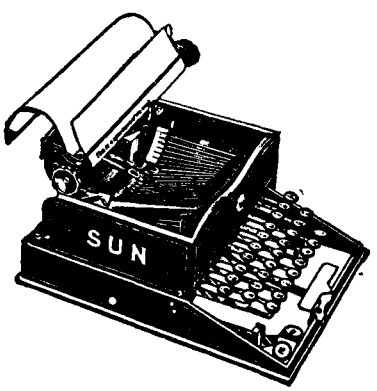
film for legitimate distribution, making it the first hard-core film ever to receive such government sanction.

Davy has his own *analyse* of Claudine, however, and and it is this which dominates the film. *Exhibition* begins with a scene in which Claudine is watching footage of herself copulating with several men. The film's ending (somehow "climax" seems too appropriate a term here) is a scene in which we watch Claudine masturbate for about five minutes. This scene is far and away the most convincing erotic display Claudine gives in the film; and like everything else we've seen since the first scene, it seems calculated by Davy to suggest that the real Claudine is completely auto-erotic and narcissistic.

Whether this is so or not we'll never know, for despite the film's claim to *auto-analyse*, this *auto-erotisme* is all we get. The *analyse* that is supposed to accompany it is a complete fraud. Davy asks Claudine leading, suggestive and vaguely disapproving questions, and she, being a professional and seeing what his drift is, gives him what he wants—a lot of lurid, degrading stories about her background. After an hour or so of watching her contrive in the interviews a life and a personality she thinks will please us, the straight scenes of copulation, lesbianism and masturbation begin to look like some good, clean fun. At least in them we recognize what people are doing and know what interest we are supposed to be taking in it.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.



Stop the Presses I Want to Get Off

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JOURNALISM AND INTEGRITY

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

"A good reporter," Rudyard Kipling once told Herbert Bayard Swope, the editor of the old New York *World*, "is the noblest work of God." Swope went on to say in his 1949 preface to *A Treasury of Great Reporting* that "journalism is a priestly mission," that newsmen should embrace and mull over the classic anthology of war, crime, tragedy and sob stories as ministers meditate on the Bible.

Both the priesthood and the press have changed since Swope coined that excess; yet there is still much in the analogy that holds. Public confidence in enough of the other institutions—like government, the medical and legal professions and the church—that once emanated at least the appearance of stability and integrity has dipped; and the way may be open for journalists—aided by the unshakable authority of cold print on a page—to make a claim to moral leadership, to give some assurance that *someone* is taking on the Old Testament prophet's job of afflicting the comfortable and the Christian's vocation of comforting the afflicted.

I suppose it's an impression I got as a child—when I first worked my way through the (to me) awesome, grimy city room of the *Trenton Times* to the little grey compartment in the far corner where my father, with two fingers, for over 40 years tapped out way over 40,000 editorials for the *Trenton Times*, the *Brooklyn Eagle* and the *New York Herald-Tribune*. I remember that his targets at various times were the disreputable saloons and the mayor, and that once he wrote a piece on how to drink a mint julep; but most of all I remember that it was very serious work and that the one quality you should have in the newspaper business (or get out) was integrity.

For the best journalists, as well as being detectives, historians, political scientists and literary artists, are moralists. That is why it mattered that Walter Lippmann majored in philosophy at Harvard; and why Joseph Pulitzer insisted that his editorial writers be well-read in history and law. And why it is important that journalism reviews like [*MORE*] thrive and that the recent collection of its best essays, *Stop the Presses I Want to Get Off*, should be widely read. Particularly J. Anthony Lukas' true-friendship article on his former mentor James Reston warning him that he is getting too cozy with power and losing his master journalist's bite.

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And it is why people really care how Eric Sevareid is going to end his Ciceronian sentence, and why Anthony Lewis seems to have taken a vow to never let anyone forget that Nixon and Kissinger bombed Hanoi at Christmastime.

Thus, writing a news story or a column, deciding what aspect of an issue to emphasize—where the central truth in a conflict lies—is making a series of judgments that well from character, the core of the spirit, flesh and bone slumped over the typewriter in the middle of the night. If a writer *has* an inner core—and if he can write—he will become a mediator between the public and the Truth.

But, H. L. Mencken wrote in *The Smart Set*, 1918 (reprinted in a collection of his journalism commentaries, *A Gang of Pecksniffs*), while trying to explain why journalists wrote so little about their profession, ". . . the gentlemen of the press, as a class, are an unreflective and unanalytical lot . . . they seldom give any sober thought to the anatomy and physiology of the business of their lives. That business, indeed, holds them by its very condition in a state of mind which is the opposite of analytical. They enter upon it romantically, and when the romance is gone they go along wearily and unthinkingly. It is a trade that uses men up, especially mentally. That is to say, it is a trade that makes them stupid."

Through much of this alternately insightful and dreary collection runs the image of the journalist as the used-up man, the burnt-out case, the middle-aged city editor, the dead romantic worn down by compromises, gone sour and old before his time, who drinks more than he reads, who has not yet caught up with the novel theory that newspaper editors should be men of honor. Mencken's man is the darling of the community's "frauds and idiots and the despair of its honest men. He belongs to a good club, and the initiation fee was his soul."

Mencken was glad to see journalism slowly reforming itself in the 1920s, and he could acknowledge a rare good man like John Haslup Adams of the Baltimore *Sun*—"the only man who never made a visible compromise with his convictions"—and a few others like Walter Lippmann of the *World* and Oswald Garrison Villard of *The Nation*, who retained a healthy distrust for the democratic process but who continued to believe that justice was still possible in the world "if those who favor it will only fight for it hard enough." And he makes a stylistic leap for someone he admires, as in his 1925 review of Don C. Seitz' biography of Joseph Pulitzer: ". . . a gorgeous porpoise with red, blue and purple spots, streaking through phosphorescent seas, forever lashing his tail."

The Mencken mystique has enjoyed a revival during the last few years—reissued collections of his early columns and an impersonation in a short-run off-Broadway one-man show. And the September [*MORE*] has reprinted the most pertinent passages from this volume—all with the presumption that contemporary journalism is so anemic that a resurrection of this bilious Baltimore roaster will elevate public taste.

Mencken could write tenderly and compassionately, as he did in his reminiscence of Rudolph Valentino, the unhappy young man who daily lived the dreams of a million other men; but in the end he seemed the saddest of men himself, the writer consumed by his own hatreds: of William Jennings Bryan of whom his obituary was so vicious that Mencken's editors wondered if he realized Bryan was dead; and of FDR who finally outwitted and crushed Mencken at a Gridiron Club dinner by blasting the press in a speech made up entirely of Mencken quotes.

To read long doses of Mencken today is to indulge whatever low appetite we have for watching a strong mind and quick tongue horsewhip an idea or person he scorns. It is like watching fireworks or counting syllables in William Buckley's vocabulary. That may be fun for a while; but it has very little to do with the quest for truth, and it's not what journalism is for.

To Mencken, Heywood Broun, the liberal columnist and early founder of the American Newspaper Guild, was "an old quack." To millions of Americans, up to his death in 1940 (the year when he wrote three columns for *Commonweal*), Broun was the genial crusader, the portly knight of the Algonquin Round Table, one of the best loved newspapermen of his generation.

Today Broun, who once, perhaps even more than Reston now, told *World* readers what to think for the day, is almost a forgotten man—living on in a paradoxical way in his son, Heywood Hale Broun, the CBS-TV comic-sports correspondent: a dapper mustachioed figure whose madras sports coats belie his father's reputation for slovenliness but whose self-mocking puns and alliterative metaphors are right in the tradition of the man who opened a report on a 1923 World Series: "The Ruth is mighty and shall prevail."

I wish I could report that the original Broun's elusive personality had been aptly captured in the late Richard O'Connor's biography, *Heywood Broun*; but I cannot. Broun's legend survives, he says, "for the purity of the example he set for American liberalism"; yet there is not enough here on the development of his thought or on the power of his prose that would give a less-than-middle-aged reader any sense of the real substance of his contribution. And O'Connor's own prose is a string of journalese that, I hope, would make his subject cringe. He compares Broun's appearance to "an unmade bed" twice; he says Broun's friend and permanent house-guest, Ed MacNamara was a "former member of the constabulary"—meaning ex-policeman; when Broun leaves the cast of a show he produced and foolishly played a part in, it becomes "time to ring down the curtain"; death comes "like Sandburg's fog," "on cat's feet"; and when Broun dies he leaves "a large vacant space in the life of his time."

What we lost when we lost Broun was a warm and very insecure man whose life, more than the lives of his

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peers, was one long search for values he could depend on and share—from Socialism to the Guild picket lines, through his let's-keep-our-independence marriage with feminist Ruth Hale, to fellow-traveling, to the Roman Catholic Church; who won the battle too many men quit—to keep his self-respect.

Uppermost in any honest journalist's value system must be the willingness to lose his job, to say *no* to an editor or publisher rather than let anything come out of his typewriter that is not in his soul. Broun, O'Connor concludes in his best line, "was his own man." Rather than tone down his defense of Sacco and Vanzetti Broun left the *World*; and, for criticizing the *World* in *The Nation* for knuckling under to the Church on birth control, he had to leave it again. Finally, the *World-Telegram* drove him out by chopping his columns to bits and "balancing" them with Westbrook Pegler, his former friend who vilified him in print all the way to his deathbed.

It is doubly ironic that biographies of Broun and Pegler should appear at the same time and that both men are now perhaps best remembered less for their accomplishments than for the 1954 libel case in which Quentin Reynolds sued Pegler for calling him a coward, war profiteer, skinflint, social climber and nudist who joined in "interracial orgies" at Broun's Connecticut Sabine Farm, where Pegler himself had been a guest.

It was typical of Broun that he had tried to hold onto Pegler's friendship while Pegler referred to him as "Old Bleeding Heart." Broun had even tried to get him to like Eleanor Roosevelt. But eventually Broun saw Pegler as the worst kind of fraud a talented man can be—an intellectual fraud—a secretly kindly fellow who merely posed as an irascible terror for the sake of professional advancement. Finis Farr's eccentric, highly personal and ultimately moving biography of Pegler, *Fair Enough*, based partly on Pegler's unpublished papers, reveals a man who had no core, no self.

In fact there was no way to frame a definition of Westbrook Pegler, except to say that his was a personality of warring opposites, which never completely canceled each other out. . . . The quintessence of Peglerism was attack; and when he had once placed a person or institution in enmity, Pegler could be unscrupulous in his choice of weapons. And having gone on the attack, he often used his skill in words to embed among his sentences a shift of meaning which altered the picture of his opponent from that of someone possibly in error to that of a malefactor who had committed a crime. It was syntax in the service of character assassination, and not at all pretty.

Writing of JFK's funeral, he called John F. Kennedy, Jr. "the little donkey," and, on Robert Kennedy, he told his long-suffering typewriter that he hoped "some white patriot of the southern tier will splatter his spoonful of brains in the public premises before the snow flies." His life seems one long resentment, publicly displayed. He left no "vacant space" in our lives.

Both Broun and Pegler appear in the early chapters of Phillip Knightley's *The First Casualty: From the Crimea to Vietnam—The War Correspondent as Hero, Propagandist, and Myth Maker*, the most important and provocative book on journalism in recent years. They are young men with the Allied Expeditionary Forces in World War I, discovering, to their anger, a basic theme of Knightley's tract: that governments—even democracies—are not primarily interested in truth and that most journalists aren't either. War correspondents, by laziness or incompetence, are too willing to be sucked into the propaganda machine, to view a conflict either through the eyes of the side they're traveling with or according to the ideological baggage—be it Marxism, British Imperialism or American Manifest Destiny—they have toted into battle with them.

For the war correspondent's moral problem is every reporter's dilemma on a larger map with life as well as honor at stake: trying to have some sense of who he is—which will determine what he decides to report and how big a sacrifice he will make to tell the reading public what he is convinced they should know in order to make an honest judgment on world events.

William Howard Russell of the *London Times*, "the first and greatest" of war correspondents, "the miserable parent of a luckless tribe," watched the soft-headed British nobility make a mess of the Crimean War and asked his editor: "Am I to tell these things, or hold my tongue?" Eventually he told —and brought home to the government and future history the fact that, from now on, the public had something to say about the conduct of a war. Then, he went to cover the American Civil War and was canned by his superiors for predicting the North would win.

During the so-called Golden Age of war reporting, between the Civil War and World War I, with only a few exceptions, the correspondents were "everyone agrees, a colorful crew. But they did not measure up to their job. They showed little humanity and no historical perspective. With one or two exceptions, they pandered to the bloodthirsty tastes of the age, chronicling the deaths of thousands of men with little concern beyond whether the event they were witnessing would make a good report." They were, in the words of Vincent Sheean, "professional observers at the peep show of misery."

During World War I the most experienced, most glamorous and richest ($32,000 a year) of the correspondents, Richard Harding Davis, after writing a magnificent description of the German army entering Brussels—"like a river of steel it flowed, gray and ghostlike"—was captured and almost shot by the Germans as a British spy. The cruelest blow, he said later, was that the Germans had never heard of him or his writings! After a year he quit and returned home to die at 52, disgusted at not being allowed to visit the front lines; he said: "I'm not about to write sidelights."

Perhaps more than any other mod-

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ern conflict the Spanish Civil War highlighted the ultimately unanswerable question: to what extent should the correspondent allow his own convictions to influence what he writes? Unanswerable because, in the long run, the interaction between objective and subjective truth becomes so much a function of character. Drew Middleton of the *New York Times* replies that while no one can be completely objective, objectivity—getting the facts—is the goal. Herbert Matthews responds: "I would always opt for honest, open bias. A newspaperman should work with his heart as well as his mind." For Matthews, it seems, his *own* convictions provided his touchstone for truth; for him, to deny "bias" was to reject "the only factors which really matter—honesty, understanding and thoroughness." Matthews now admits he was wrong to see the war in ideological terms; but, in Knightley's judgment, he was ahead of his colleagues who were outright propagandists—like Claude Cockburn for the Communists, William P. Carney of the *New York Times* for the dominantly pro-Franco Catholics, and Ernest Hemingway who simply used the war "to gain a new lease on his life as a writer."

In war after war we see truth and integrity sacrificed because editors demand colorful battle descriptions and human interest stories rather than "dull" background or historical reports, because the generals who control accreditation insist that their exploits be heroically portrayed, because it was "better" for the public to believe that America had lost one battleship at Pearl Harbor when correspondents could see five resting on the bottom, because it was supposedly better for us not to know the extent of the American atrocities in Vietnam until Seymour Hersh tracked down Lieutenant William Calley back home.

But Knightley's real story is not just the death of truth but the moral death of men who at one stage of their lives are called to be prophets and end up being whores. It is like prison and military chaplains barking like wardens and blessing bombs—who become so like what they cover, so absorbed in their bloody work that they carry guns and fashion snazzy uniforms for themselves. Or so cold-bloodedly detached they would rather watch a Buddhist monk douse himself with gasoline and photograph him going up in flames than kick the gasoline out of the way and miss the "historic" shots. And there is the pitiful Tim Page, the very young free-lance combat photographer who, when asked to write a book that would take the glamour out of war, responded: "Jesus! Take the glamour out of war. How the hell can you do that? You can't take the glamour out of a tank burning or a helicopter blowing up. It's like trying to take the glamour out of sex. War is *good* for you."

Two other reviewers, former war correspondents, have criticized Knightley for not having been a war correspondent himself. Perhaps he has missed what some still call the great experience of each man's generation. Good for him. Otherwise he might not be alive and sensitive enough to write: this challenging political and journalism history; as strong an indirect moral argument for pacifism as we shall see for some time; and an uncompromising demand for personal and professional self-examination.

BOOKS

THE MISCONCEPTION OF SOCIETY

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Anarchy, State and Utopia

ROBERT NOZICK

Basic Books, $12.95

Once upon a time, philosophy was philosophical. That is, it addressed the question which most thinking people took to be primary: the nature of reality, of knowledge, the meaning of existence and society, and so on. Spinoza said one should "speak in a manner intelligible to the multitude," Kant and Fichte wrote summaries of their theories for the layman and the young Marx even thought that the proletariat would inherit, among other things, German classical philosophy. Then with the information overload of the twentieth century, philosophy, like everything else, became specialized. Some of the more exuberant positivists said those fundamental concerns had been only pseudo-questions, not real questions, and mathematics became the Queen of the Sciences.

Robert Nozick's book breaks with this pattern; and so did a recent volume by Nozick's chosen antagonist, John Rawls' *A Theory of Justice*. Both are analyses which, even if in a scholarly and complex fashion, treat of matters which Aristotle or Kant or the general reader will recognize as the stuff of social philosophy.

So I like the genre of *Anarchy, State and Utopia* and greet its reappearance as a good sign in our intellectual life. Alas, I dislike almost everything else about it. This is not just because I disagree with Nozick's conservative, free-market conclusions. I detest many of Nietzsche's views, yet I see him as one of the most profound thinkers of his age. And when I am at odds with Rawls or, for that matter, with Milton Friedman, I am usually stimulated and often learn.

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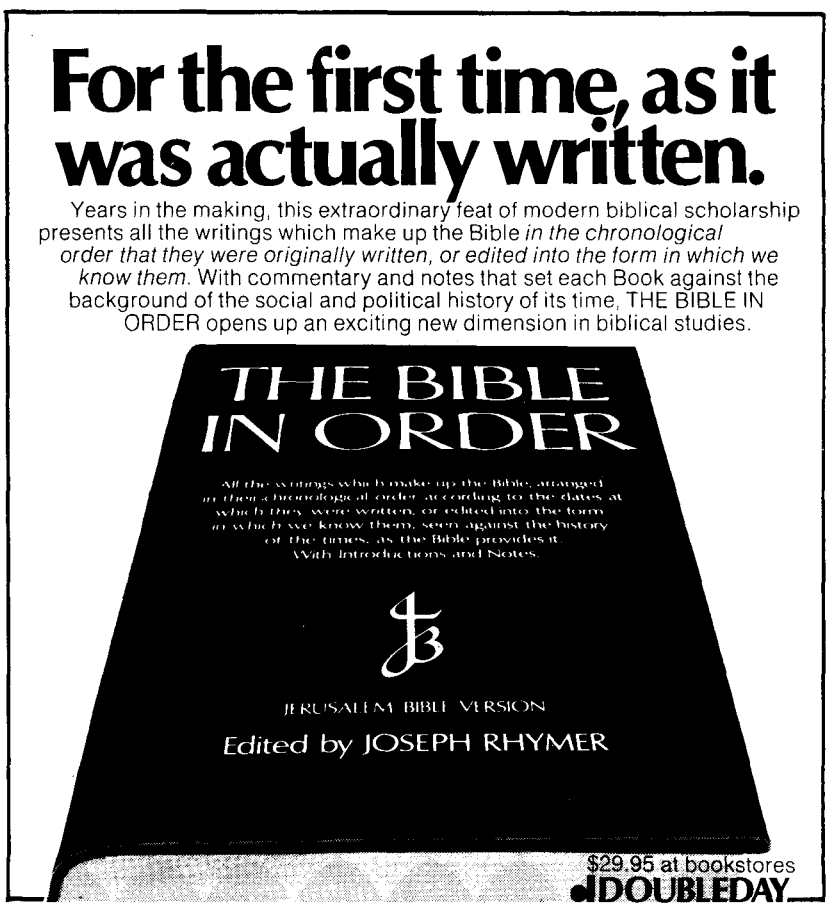
Nozick, on the other hand, is not simply wrong; he is for the most part, cutely, cleverly and irrelevantly wrong. He himself admits to a certain unease that the people who share his values are often "narrow and rigid" while he is opposed by "most people I know and respect." He should have pondered that intuition instead of letting himself become entranced with his own "elaborate arguments, claims rebutted by unlikely counterexamples, surprising theses, puzzles, abstract structural conditions . . . and so on." This style, which he wrongly ascribes to his entire discipline (Rawls does not use it) is basically the posture of an aesthete in the pejorative sense of that word. It overlooks a crucial fact which T.W. Adorno pointed out some time ago again with regard to computerized sociologists and mathematical economists: there is no rational reason to assume that reality has been providentially constructed so as best to express its truth in "elegant" equations Nor is there cause to believe that the overwhelmingly serious—or perhaps more precisely, the overwhelming—issues of the late twentieth century will yield their secrets to intellectual gamesmanship. That, I fear, is the underlying assumption of Nozick's book.

Anarchy, State and Utopia is divided into three major parts: a justification of a "minimal state" which shows how, contrary to the individualist anarchist, such a structure would arise out of Locke's "state of nature" without violating anyone's rights; a critique of those, like Rawls, who seek to use the more-than-minimal state for redistributionist purposes; a free market utopia which reminds me of the proposals for neighborhood autonomy advanced by Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin in the 1969 New York mayoralty race.

I do not object on principle to Nozick's method in Part I. He imagines a Lockean state of nature in which the individual is free to dispose of his holdings as he sees fit, but not to harm anyone else's life, health, liberty and possessions. He then hypothesizes how people would be led under such conditions—by an Adam Smithian "invisible hand"—to create a minimal state and would not violate rights in the process. Such other-worldly imaginings can, of course, have great this-worldly value. The physical scientist's laboratory controls set up a mythic world in which he or she can focus on what are assumed to be the crucial variables, relegating the rest of reality to that category called "all other things being equal"—which they never actually are. Then, once the idealized case is probed, one modifies the conclusions to take into account that *ceteris* really are not *paribus*. This same method can be applied in the social sciences: the first statement of Marx's labor theory of value in Volume I of *Das Kapital,* takes place under just such purposive simplifications.

If Nozick's method is legitimate, his use of it is not. First he assumes that people in the Lockean state of nature are all Milton Friedmans, and that they will naturally think in market terms about compensation for transgressed rights. Secondly, he resorts to intellectual sleight of hand after posing a most serious question: Whether people can be treated as means to an end or whether there is (or should be) an inviolable core to their being. Nozick almost answers that they can never be treated as means, but then he admits that he must "tip-toe" around the more troublesome cases, e.g., could you kill an innocent person being used by an aggressor as a shield? More damning, in this, and almost every other, case, Nozick constantly refuses to take notice of degrees, equating taxation with forced labor (both, after all, require that you surrender your surplus) and refuting an argument in favor of providing medical care with a sophomoric argument that haircuts should then be given on the basis of need. So if I cannot kill you, neither can I require that you pay your fair share for the upkeep of that society which is the precondition of your success.

But then, Nozick proceeds throughout this book on the basis of a fundamental error: He has no conception of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society. For him, sturdy people who "choose" to work harder are being taxed to support the lazy. There is no sense of the way in which one's unchosen class position determines (not totally) so much of one's choices. Similarly, he thinks that pollution should be allowed if only the polluters will pay for it—which, in a class and corporate society like ours, assigns control of the earth, air and water of the globe to the rich. However, since Nozick thinks that free market calculations are structured into reality as well as the psyche of people in Locke's state of nature, that makes sense for him. It also provides the basis for a theory of 'entitlement" in which asocial individuals in an imaginary (and impossible) no-society are cited to justify anti-social conduct in this society.

In the process, Nozick takes on Marx. After a breathtaking display of ignorant incompetence in this area, he comments that perhaps the Marxist theory of exploitation is "the exploitation of people's lack of understanding of economics." Now Marx's theory of exploitation is not chiseled in stone and it may be (although I do not think this to be the case) wrong. But the critic of this theory—particularly the snide and arrogant critic—should not commit nine pages of scholarly howlers. Nozick apparently does not know that Marx has a theory of pre- and non-capitalist exploitation; that he never for a moment thought that his theory of value would apply to Rembrandt and said so clearly; that he fully understood (and analyzed) the function of supply and demand in Volume III *before* he developed the labor theory of Volume I; and so on. I do not have the space to document; or even list—all these things. I can only warn the reader that Nozick's discussion of Marx is scandalously worthless. Compared to the treatment accorded Marx by that great conservative, Joseph Schumpter, it is a pathetic performance.

Finally, I might summarize these objections of mine in a methodological comment. It is legitimate to imagine a non-social and totally individualistic non-society. It is illegitimate to then project the psyche of the actually existing, interdependent and highly integrated, society back into that otherwise useful myth; and it is illegitimate to project the values of that myth forward into the actual situations of our anti-social society. Nozick does both. He has some interesting discussions—I find his comments on the rights of animals quite provocative and disturbing—but on the whole, *Anarchy, State and Utopia* is the most celebrated and honored bad book of recent times. This emperor has no clothes.

From Hope to Liberation: Towards a New Marxist-Christian Dialogue

NICHOLAS PIEDDISCALZI and ROBERT G. THOBABEN (eds.)

Fortress, $3.95

Man: Christian Anthropology in the Conflicts of the Present

JUERGEN MOLTMANN

Fortress, $3.25

The Crucified God: The Cross of Christ as the Foundation and Criticism of Christian Theology

JUERGEN MOLTMANN

Harper & Row, $10

Religion and Politcal Society

JUERGEN MOLTMANN, et. al.

Harper & Row, $3.95

DALE VREE

From Hope to Liberation points to the "new" arena in Marxist-Christian relations, namely, the Third World and especially Latin America, where Marxists and Christians eschew attempts at theoretical synthesis in order to concentrate on common political action. One expects that this "new" dialogue will reflect an interest on the part of both Marxists and Christians to safeguard the uniqueness of their respective belief-systems. This book, however, gives the impression that the Christians, at least, have simply decided to stop thinking very hard about what they are doing. For example, Robert G. Thobaben asks himself, "Can one be both a Marxist and a Christian?" He says the answer is obviously "yes," because clearly there are people who call themselves Christian-Marxists. By these facile standards, one can be both a Christian and a segregationist, or a Christian and just about anything. Sure, there are people who *call* themselves Christian segregationists, but the vital question is whether one can be both a Christian and a segregationist, and still be a *real* Christian. Likewise, can one *call* oneself a Christian-Marxist and still be a *real* Christian —or a *real* Marxist? If one takes seriously the truth claims of Marxism and Christianity, one simply *cannot* treat this question in a cavalier fashion.

The book also contains an "old"-style dialogue between First Worlders, Thomas W. Ogletree and Herbert Aptheker. In his speech (originally given at Wright State University), Ogletree, the Christian, says he accepts the Marxist hope for this world; however, "no matter how successful we may be in realizing the noblest programs, we will still find that there is a great deal of ambiguity, a great deal of injustice, and a great deal of suffering which leaves us incomplete." Therefore, we must not exclude the uniquely Christian form of hope, a hope "that beyond our historical experience in its brokenness there is a possibility of participating in the fullness of God where all the evils of this world have been taken up and overcome." Ogletree seems to be talking about eschatology and life after death—which is what we would expect a Christian to emphasize. However, when Ogletree is asked by a member of the audience how "you would react if you were confronted with your own death," he responds: ". . . I must say: not very well." He adds: "If you ask me how I respond to such a situation, I have to say: I have a hell of a time." If this is the Christian hope, any Marxist would be justified in feeling smugly superior to his Christian partners in dialogue. Indeed, Aptheker's answer to the question of death is more interest-

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ing. For him, the meaning of death is to be found in the meaning of life, and it is the exhilaration of political struggle which gives life its meaning.

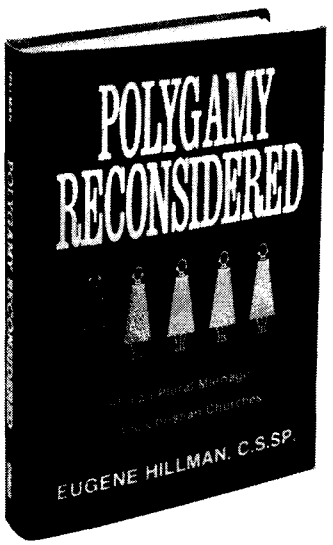
The three Moltmann titles under review make it clear that there is a *new* Moltmann. The *old* Moltmann of the *Theology of Hope* and other writings was concerned to find a point of convergence with the Marxist thought of Ernst Bloch. Moltmann wanted to say that Christianity gives man hope for this world, as well as freedom to act on a future which remains open to his creative *praxis*. Moltmann took God out of the dimension of the present and put him into the "future," where he would pull man toward him, and yet (incredibly) not interfere with man's autonomy. Moltmann said—at the risk of self-contradiction—that the future is full of God and yet the future is open and undetermined. Moltmann, who is probably the foremost living Protestant theologian in the world, ultimately failed, but in failing he certainly demonstrated his intellectual brilliance.

The new Moltmann takes fewer risks, but as a result, what he says is less exciting. Moltmann abandons his former stress on the God of the future and the autonomy of man. The old Moltmann was so preoccupied with eschatology and the godforsakenness of the present world that he appeared to be a world-fleeing gnostic. But in *Man*, he reconciles himself to the present world and accuses those like Marcuse who preach "absolute refusal" of being gnostic. He goes on to say that "we may not regard this world either as a heaven of self-realization or as a hell of self-alienation. . . . This demands an acceptance of the present situation in spite of its unacceptability. . . ."

In his major new work, *The Crucified God*, Moltmann shifts his theological attention away from the resurrection and eschatology, and toward the crucifixion—especially toward questions of theodicy and Christology. He acknowledges that his earlier writings were superficially optimistic and ran the danger of merely sprinkling holy water on secular progressivism. He seems to criticize his earlier writings from a more conservative stance; however, his new stance does not really succeed as a conservative stance although it does "succeed" as an equivocal stance. Moltmann asserts that when Christians focus exclusively on evangelization they lose their relevance, but when they focus exclusively on social activism they lose their identity. He wants to resolve the "tension" between social activism and evangelization, but he does not tackle the big issue (rarely discussed by anyone anymore) hidden beneath this "tension"—namely, the question of universal salvation. If salvation is largely limited to Christian *believers* (as the New Testament, the early Church, and historic Christianity teach), then evangelization is imperative and social action is a secondary issue at best. But if all will be saved (as Moltmann contends, although he is unclear about what salvation is), then evangelization loses its urgency and religious energy is easily channeled into social activism. How, then, can the "tension" ultimately be resolved?

This "tension" is not the same as the tension between faith and good works—which seems to be a resolvable tension. Rather, it is more of a contradiction. Christians can agree on what "good works" consist of—visiting the imprisoned, helping orphans, etc. But they cannot agree on what is good in politics, simply because Christianity has never taught a political orthodoxy, and because good *intentions* in politics often do not translate into good *policies*. Take just one case: Mercy is a Christian virtue, but that does not necessarily mean that President Ford's pardon of Nixon was a Christian act. Political morality cannot be deduced from simple Christian notions of good works. Therefore, to insist, as does Moltmann, that political action is a *necessary* component of Christianity is to make a religion of one's politics—something which Moltmann himself says he opposes.

Moltmann denies that he wants to reduce theological orthodoxy to ethics; however, he insists that "orthodoxy" (right belief) must be transformed into "orthopraxy" (right action). Hence,



In this bold and important book, Hillman carefully traces the constantly developing theology of marriage in Western Christendom against the traditional place of polygamy in African tribal culture. But is monogamy necessarily *the* Christian view? Is it, perhaps, the product of white, Western history and culture? Here, Hillman sheds new light not only on the attitudes of the Christian Churches toward African polygamy, but on their current reassessment of the full meaning of human sexuality as well. *Paper $7.95, Cloth $15.00*

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by E. Bolaji Idowu

"This important book is the first to place the study of African religion in the larger context of religious studies . . . The book is well written. It includes an index and notes. There is no comparable work; this one should be in any collection on African religion." *Choice* *Cloth $6.95*

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by Sudhir Sen

This, the second part of the study which began in *A Richer Harvest*, deals with how to make the green revolution a complete success, and how, in addition to regulate it so as to provide food and jobs for all.

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by Edward W. Chester

"To this reviewer's knowledge, this is the only book in English to survey American-African foreign relations from America's beginning to the present." *Garland Downum, History* *Cloth $12.95*

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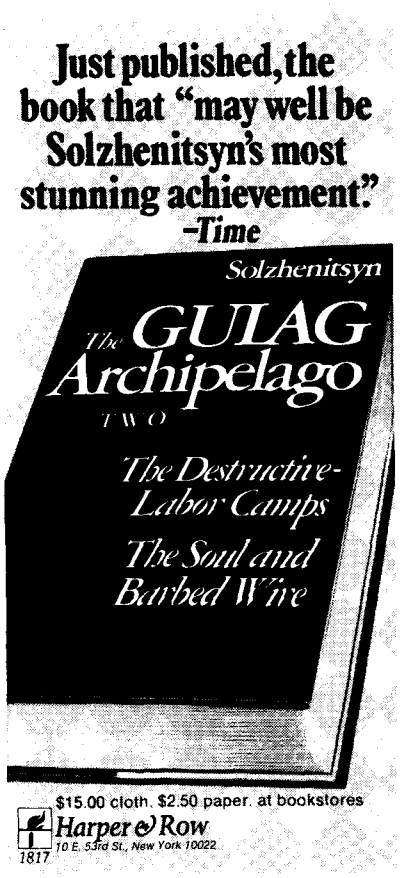
Moltmann—against his own stated intentions—in fact subordinates evangelization to social activism, theology to ethics.

In the last chapter of *The Crucified God* and in his essay in *Religion and Political Society*, Moltmann clearly spells out the political implications of his new position. He criticizes right-wing political theologies for idolizing the status quo. Although he *says* he wants to relativize politics and avoid baptizing left-wing politics, he virtually equates Christianity with democracy and socialism. Furthermore, he seems to believe that change must *always* be preferred by Christians to the status quo. In the end, he exchanges rightist idols for leftist ones.

The new Moltmann, has shifted his theological concern; however, compared to the old Moltmann, his political position is quite routine and much less thought-provoking. Moltmann has not become a conservative, but he is less vivid, more patient, and perhaps something of a figure in transition.



I Would Have Saved Them If I Could

LEONARD MICHAELS

Farrar, Straus, $7.95

First Love, Last Rites

IAN McEWAN

Random House, $6.95

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Feeling a bit like the boy surrounded by those sure they see the Emperor's new clothes, I must confess a blindness to many of the merits of Leonard Michaels' highly-praised second story collection, *I Would Have Saved Them If I Could*. Michaels has been lauded by William Styron, John Hawkes, Mark Schorer, many others for his first book. The present one has been worshipfully reviewed on page one of *The New York Times Book Review*. But as Eleanor Roosevelt used to say, Nevertheless . . .

To begin, Michaels' first collection was unquestionably stronger. Except for that volume's tricky sexual fantasies (Michaels writes perhaps too exclusively about sex), the stories often succeeded in spite of the author's constipated dialogue and gimmicky characters. They succeeded because Michaels had stories to tell. In the new book we are given recitations, jottings, successions of sins, perversions, and violence—all of which do not necessarily constitute a good short story. The dust-jacket characterizes them as "quick and precise," but perhaps undistilled is more appropriate. Of the thirteen pieces, only three are "stories" in the sense that we have come to expect— containing to some extent all three elements of exposition, development, and drama. Most of Michaels' new stories contain only the first. They are long on exposition, short on dramtic development. A man gets sexually fondled in the subway. "And then?" you ask. No and then. End of story. With a few exceptions, Michaels does not create rounded characters. His fictional Jack and Mandell are as flat and unfamiliar as his historical Lord Byron and Trotsky, both of whom also appear in tales. Too often Michaels settles for a string of anecdotes.

"Settles" seems an odd word to apply to Michaels' book, because obviously he has worked — even overworked — the prose. His language can be gorgeous ("the sound of darkness, blooming, blooming, opening inside you like a mouth"). But too often Michaels overstates, sacrificing believability for shock effect: "When Khrushchev denounced Stalin my roommate shit blood, turned yellow, and lost most of his hair." Another such overstatement occurs in a description of party guests, who are said to have "flashed marvels achieved, readiness to die." Did guests at a cocktail party, anywhere outside Hitler's bunker, ever convey a genuine "readiness to die"?

Another problem is Michaels' voice, which, when relaxed from his verbal hysteria (such as "teeth stabbed out of my ass to eat the chair") settles into an urbane tonality embarrassingly like Bernard Malamud's: "Liebowitz makes his head out of cigarettes and coffee, goes to the West Side Subway, stands in a screaming iron box, and begins to drift between shores of small personal misery and fantastic sex. . ."

Finally, Michaels also punches the reader continually with paradoxical actions, quick-changes and contrasts, such as "She used to read to him from Goethe. He couldn't understand a word so they got married"; and, "She didn't like me. So I phoned her every day." Such obstacles encountered by protagonists should make for good stories, but that is not what happens. There are no ideal actions worked out in terms of verisimilitude, but quite the opposite. Of course, there are some successes. The first story, "Murderers," is quirky but vital. The last two, "Some Laughed" and "The Captain," are fine, with the latter building a big story on the little joke about what some men have to do to land a job. The rest seems quite raw and unshaped. Judging from its reception elsewhere, it will probably win Michaels a major literary award from the Establishment.

Ian McEwan's first collection, on the other hand, has to date received scarce

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notice in this country. (It was originally published in the U.K., where it was justifiably praised.) I had never heard of McEwan before being asked to review the collection; now I'm not likely to forget the name. *First Love, Last Rites* is perhaps the most remarkable collection of stories since William Trevor's *The Day We Got Drunk on Cake*. McEwan writes primarily about freaked-out people, but there is nothing freakish about his book. It is tender and knowing. For once a dust-jacket blurb is accurate, when Angus Wilson says the young McEwan is "an important new writer who takes the short story one step further out of its long stalemate, for he is sensitive without shapelessness and intelligent without smart-aleckry." It is those very qualities which distinguish McEwan's book from Michaels'.

There is much to praise. One could cite the 27-year-old author's psychological perspicacity, as when his cross-country spectator confesses a fascination with watching losers straggle across the line, which he attributes to "a gay fascination with the triumphant spirit of human losers who had run themselves into the ground for nothing at all." Or, one could cite the exuberance of McEwan's rolling, Whitman-esque language, including a randy description of a local nymphomaniac.

But the primary reason to praise this story-teller is simply that he has highly original stories to tell, stories that *are* stories. Six of the eight succeed splendidly— a phenomenal batting average for a rookie, for anyone. In each obsessive story the writer has taken considerable risks, and only in the first—in which a precocious lad seduces his younger sister—does he fail to raise low-life concerns to high art. The second, "Solid Geometry," does succeed, and tastefully, but remains in the manner of Roald Dahl—in short, a trick.

The other six stories, some long, shine. "Last Day of Summer" is a luminous account of one 12-year-old's season and its tragic ending. It contains an astonishingly real portrait of a young fatty named Jenny. "Cocker at the Theatre," a slighter tale, conveys a world where real acts are forbidden and only the make-believe allowed. "Butterflies" is a chilling case-study of a limited and dangerous human in society, unfolded with suspense and psychological acuity.

"Conversation With a Cupboard Man" is an even more outrageous look at a man made unfit for adult life by his smothering mother. (Mothers come off badly in almost every story.) As a result, this chap desires a life of no complications: he feels most safe when locked in a closet or an oven. It is, of course, a symbolic return to the womb, which even the protagonist acknowledges: "Sometimes I wish the wardrobe would get up and walk around and forget that I was in there."

The title story, "First Love, Last Rites," is a subtle fugue of the life-and-death pulls in the life of a young lover. "Disguises," knowingly placed last in the collection, is a poetic, disturbing, masterfully developed tale of one aging actress's private compulsions, and how they get out of hand and threaten to ruin the public and private life of her sensitive young male ward. It is the most extraordinary story in an extraordinary collection, from a writer who will be better known.

IN BRIEF

THE WORLDS OF WASHINGTON IRVING, 1783-1859, *selected and annotated by Andrew B. Myers, $8.95, paper, $5.50*; THE KNICKERBOCKER TRADITION: WASHINGTON IRVING'S NEW YORK, *edited by Andrew B. Myers, $8.00*; SIX PRESIDENTS FROM THE EMPIRE STATE, *edited by Harry J. Sievers, S.J., $8.95. All published by Sleepy Hollow Restorations.* In 1813, in a letter to Washington Irving's friend Henry Brevoort, Sir Walter Scott had high praise for Irving's *A History of New York*. "I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift," Scott wrote, ". . . the author . . . has some touches which

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remind me much of Sterne." In 1820, in the *Edinburgh Review*, the discriminating, often harsh critic Francis Jeffrey (stamped by Byron as "pertest of the train/Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!") compared Irving's "great purity and beauty of diction" with that of the "most elegant and polished of our native writers." A decade after that, as Andrew Myers relates, Irving became the first American man of letters to receive both a gold medal from the Royal Society of Literature and an honorary Doctor in Civil Law degree from Oxford. And toward the end of his life Irving became the first American to publish, for an enthusiastic public, a complete "Author's Revised Edition" of his works.

It will come as surprise to no one that this acclaim has been little echoed by later generations of critics. Jorge Luis Borges, in an effort to sweep Irving and Cooper aside so that he can place Hawthorne at the very beginning of American literature, dismisses Irving as "a contriver of pleasant Spanish fantasies," who can be skipped over "without any consequence." Even Professor Myers, a devoted student of Irving's life and work, can sum up his subject's contribution to literature and point out that Irving "stretched an admittedly modest talent a long way."

Nevertheless, the directors of the Sleepy Hollow Restorations (which include Irving's Sunnyside estate in Tarrytown) have been wise, I think, in taking Irving and his alter ego Diedrich Knickerbocker as one controlling idea, as a kind of focal point, for the handsome, well-edited, and imaginatively conceived volumes they have recently begun publishing on various aspects of early New York State. For Irving (1783-1859), as Professor Myers observes, "represented his infant country, and emerging culture, in more worlds than one, struggling from the start with the complex problem of being both native son and cosmopolite." As a successful writer and as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Isabella II of Spain, among other foreign service posts, Irving is of course hardly to be regarded as a typical citizen of the early Republic; still, he saw more parts of it than most men, and he wrote about them, not only New York but also, in two late books, the Far West.

The first of the volumes reproduces a large number of items—photographs, sketches, letters, title pages—from an Irving exhibition presented a couple years back by the New York Public Library, together with explanatory comments and four brief essays by Professor Myers on Irving's "worlds"; separate, or separable, periods in his public life (of his private life—of, for instance, the death in 1809 of his fiancée Matilda Hoffman and the devastating effects of that death on Irving—we learn nothing). The book provides a fascinating tour but will probably be of less general interest to the amateur or professional historian than the second volume, to which six scholars have contributed chapters on the successes and failures of people in Knickerbocker New York in handling such problems as religious intolerance, political corruption, and an ever-expanding, increasingly heterogeneous population. During Irving's lifetime New York City itself grew from fewer than 100,000 people to nearly a million, and so the "problem of order," as James F. Richardson writes, "seemed almost insurmountable. Residents and visitors alike viewed the city's streets as unpredictable and sometimes unsafe and physically dangerous." Whether the implied continuity of chaos is today reason for comfort or despair I'm not quite sure.

New York State has contributed six Presidents. Of them, according to several dozen historians who were polled

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by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., in 1948 and again in 1962, one, FDR, was great; two, Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt, were near great; two, Van Buren and Arthur, were average; and one, Fillmore, was below average but not, like non-New Yorkers Grant and Harding, a categorical failure. Quantitatively and qualitatively, this is a pretty respectable showing, and the two essays on each of the six men in the Sievers volume do much to show its basis, though Schlesinger's consensus is not necessarily accepted.

Because of the current bicentennial, and perhaps as a reaction to the recent sleazy excesses of our government, there is considerable interest these days in an earlier America. Much of this interest is merely harmless nostalgia, but beneath it one hopes we are engaged in a collective effort to recover lost roots, values, and purposes. As part of this quest, these books from the Sleepy Hollow Restorations should be welcomed.

MARK TAYLOR

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

now, was husband, wife and their natural children."

We know from experience, of course, that certain sub-groups in America, especially new immigrant groups, tended to more extension than the native family but the pull of the mainstream norm has been powerful, and our best institutions have aided the family in transition. The best Catholic schools, for example, preserved family values and affections while they helped children prepare for life in a new culture in which they must inevitably know more and cope more ably than their parents—always a family-weakening situation.

Research in the history of the family, Demos says, leads to two conclusions: "there is no golden age of the family gleaming at us from far back in the historical past. And there is no good reason to construe recent trends in terms of decline and decay." Moreover, when we realize that the period from 1820 to 1920 encompassed a veritable revolution in American life and culture "exerting extreme pressure on the family, we cannot say with any certainty that any alternative pattern would have worked better." He is skeptical of "social engineering" for the family. "Is the notion of 'alternatives' meaningful in any sense? Is the family amenable to planned social intervention?" On the evidence of history, he doubts it.

Observers of human nature must be inclined to agree. One of the greatest of fictioneers, E.M. Forster, has pointed out the essential difference between human relationships in fact and in fiction: "The constant sensitiveness of characters for each other (in novels) . . . is remarkable, and has no parallel in life, except among people who have plenty of leisure. Passion, intensity at moments—yes, but not this constant awareness, this endless readjusting, this ceaseless hunger. . . . All history, all our experience, teaches us that no human relationship is constant, it is as unstable as the living beings who compose it, and they must balance like jugglers if it is to remain. . ."

By all means, let us consider the relationship of the rights of women to the family—but on the basis of fact. Let us project neither chimeras nor rainbows—a little less science fiction all around, please.

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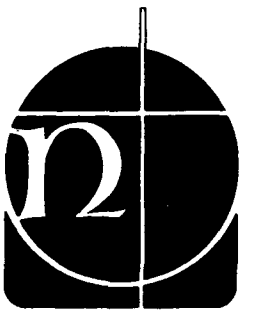
CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 517*)

Seton's canonization long years before she was even declared Venerable. And it was the National Council of Catholic Women, meeting in New Orleans in 1973, which launched a country-wide prayer crusade among its member Councils calling for special prayers during Mother Seton's Bicentennial Year of 1974 that she might be canonized during or before our country's Bicentennial Year of 1976. So women *have* had something to do with her canonization, too, through their prayers. And some of them may have helped persuade some of the church authorities, too.

The fact is that Elizabeth Seton was a woman for everyone, for men and women. Men were important in her life: her father, her husband, her father-in-law, her sons, her Episcopal clergyman, dozens of priests with whom she worked, the Filicchi brothers and Samuel Cooper who helped her financially. Our first Bishops knew and consulted her as much, perhaps, as she consulted them. Archbishop Ken-



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rick of Baltimore told the assembled Bishops of the United States in 1852 that Mother Seton had "done more for the church in America than all of us bishops put together."

But Elizabeth Seton was a woman's woman, too. A woman for *all* women. She lived happily through a girlhood marred by family difficulties. She fulfilled the social obligations of a young society matron, but also found time to organize her friends to look after the poor. And, when times grew hard, she worked side by side with her husband in his business, even through bankruptcy. When she found as a widow that she could depend on neither help from relatives and friends nor on earning a living herself by running a school in New York, she packed up her little family and went to Baltimore, where her great life work began.

Elizabeth Seton lived, moreover, during two great wars and times of great social and political change. And she lived less than forty-seven years, from August 28, 1774 to January 4, 1821. A short life by today's standards, but she lived it to the fullest! And any woman of any age, in any social station, who admires a "woman doer" and who likes to see women recognized for what they can do, may take pride in realizing that Elizabeth Seton did all she did, and did it for God—well enough, too, to win recognition as our first American-born Saint.

GENEVIEVE BLATT

Auden Addenda

New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors: Because the chimera of a mass of unpublished work by W. H. Auden originated in a newspaper interview with Stephen Spender, and because the existence of this chimera has been perpetuated in your pages, I asked Mr. Spender to expand on his remark that half of Auden's work remained unpublished—a remark I knew to be wrong as it stands. Mr. Spender writes, "the answer to your question is that I said there were masses of articles in magazines, poems, different versions of poems in various publications, uncollected in published volumes." That is, half of Auden's work remains to be published *in book form*, and is thus unknown to almost all his readers. In fact, about 400 essays and a few dozen poems, all of which appeared only in now-forgotten magazines, remain to be collected.

There is no large mass of unpublished work by Auden of any kind whatever. Nor has there ever been. (I should perhaps mention that, to my knowledge, none of Auden's work that was in existence at the time of his death has since been lost or destroyed.)

EDWARD MENDELSON
Literary Executor of the
Estate of W. H. Auden

Parochial Concerns

Bayville, N.Y.

To the Editors: Leo Pfeffer's lack of serious concern for accuracy about Catholics is illustrated in his condescension toward the parochial school near his office [Aug. 1]. He does not like the children's uniforms; he does not like their social class; he does not like their race; he does not like their style. If Catholics convert to his values, he likes them. About Jews, such comments would be regarded as sophisticated anti-semitism; about blacks, as sophisticated racism.

Pfeffer tries to be fair, and we can be grateful for his honesty if not for his perception. He confuses a deep Catholic belief in authority with authoritarianism, in a way unworthy of his own intelligence; his views on infallibility are naive; his view of the general position of the Roman Catholic church in America on the working man is incredible.

It should not hurt him, however, to appreciate the values of others, even if he does not share them. To stick to one brief point: One reason for school uniforms is so that everyone can at least appear to be in the same social class; parents need not spend frivolously for clothes nor need the children compete in status by clothes. The motive is both egalitarian and practical.

One out of every four students in

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New York City attend a parochial school, making the parochial school system there the fourth largest school system in the nation, after the public schools of New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago. In New York City, 87 percent of the parents of parochial school children earn less than $10,000 a year, one-third earn less than $5,000 per year. Many parents earn considerably less than many of the teachers of the children (whose salaries range from $8,500-$15,000). Sixty percent of all the parochial school children in Manhattan are Black or Spanish-speaking.

MICHAEL NOVAK

Reply

It is doubtful that Veblen would have concurred in Michael Novak's explanation for the requirement that parochial school children wear "uniforms" (I did not use that term). To me it seems more hurtful than helpful to poor families for it adds another expense to the clothing budget, since it may be assumed that few of the children, even the poor ones, wear their uniforms after school hours or during weekends. In any event, at the parochial schools near both my home and my office there is now considerably more diversity in the clothes worn by the pupils than there was in the pre-Vatican II period.

I do not know how widespread the practice of not requiring uniforms for parochial school children now is, but I think that it will spread and ultimately become the norm, and that the reason for it is the one which explains the same development among nuns and other religious: Vatican II was in substantial measure a revolt—a modest one but nonetheless a revolt against "uniform"-ity. I think too that there was a revolt at Vatican II not against authority but authoritarianism.

Mr. Novak's statistics on the income of parents of children in parochial schools is of little significance unless compared with the income of parents of children in public schools. An example of what such a comparison could reveal is indicated by a compilation made by the Connecticut state department of education showing that while 1.4 percent of the children attending nonpublic schools in the state in 1970 belonged to families receiving welfare benefits under the Federal Aid to Families with Dependent Children program the percentage for children in public schools was 6.3, or almost five times as high.

Similarly the statement respecting the percentage of black and Spanish-speaking children in Manhattan parochial schools is not of much significance without a comparison to percentages in Queens or Detroit or St. Louis or Boston or Louisville. The statistics are available; they can be found among other places in the report entitled Racial Isolation in the Public Schools made by the United States Commission on Civil Rights (1967), which concluded that "nonpublic schools absorb a disproportionately large segment of white school-age population in central cities," citing as an example Philadelphia where more than 60 percent of the white school-age population attend nonpublic schools.

It does not surprise me that my article should evoke a charge of anti-Catholic bigotry—albeit sophisticated bigotry. If it is any comfort to Mr. Novak, from time to time I have been accused by some of my co-religionists of being a traitor to my people, a person more concerned with protecting the rights of *schwartze* (a sophisticated Yiddishism for niggers) than of Jews, a self-hating Jew, and similar functional equivalents of anti-semitism. Nor would it surprise me that among my black students, past and present, there are some who call me a racist.

I am too old to be frightened or deterred by such verbal blows, but others having something to say may feel impelled to speak less frankly or not at all. Epithets contribute little to the communication of ideas, but they can be quite destructive to civilized conversation or the search for truth.

LEO PFEFFER

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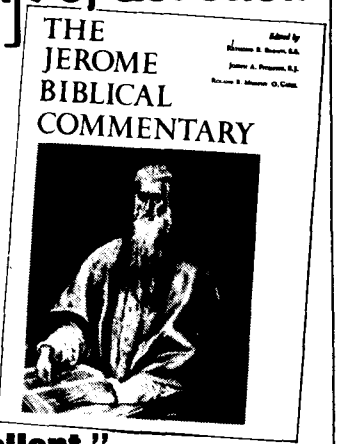

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